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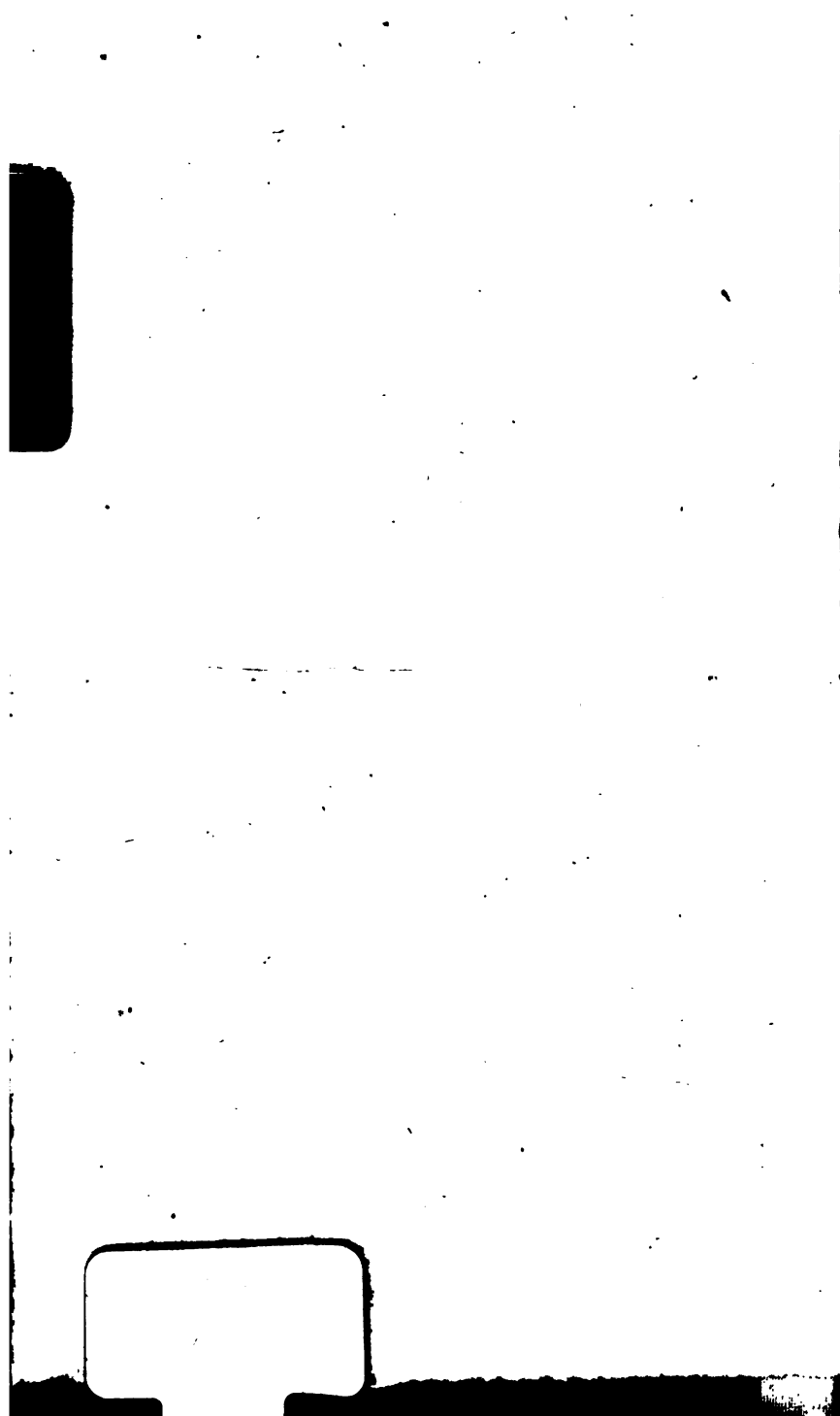
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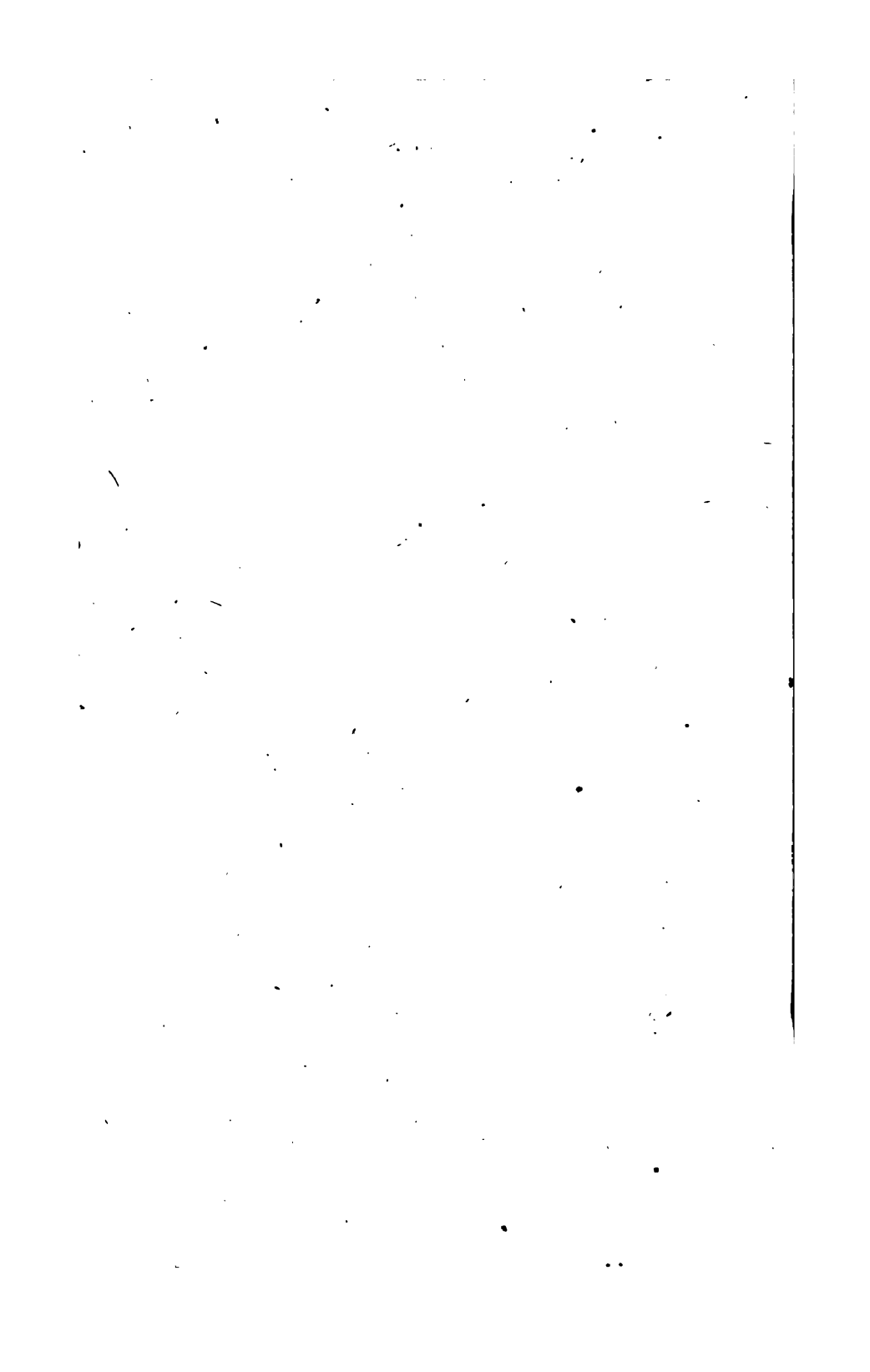


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CROCKFORD'S:

OR

LIFE IN THE WEST.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO THE RIGHT HON

ROBERT PEEL, M. P.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CROCKFORD'S:

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CHAPTER I.

THE liveliest sensibilities of Sir Walter Mortimer were roused, as the carriage, containing personages of his best associations, passed from his anxious gaze. His heart was saddened as he caught the last glimpse of the moving vehicle that held, more particularly, his soul's choicest treasure. His spirits drooped immediately, when he saw no more of it, as vegetable nature, for want of the sap-inspiring influence of refreshing showers, and the congenial warmth of a May-day sun. He, however, would not yield to the gloom that overspread his feelings, but sought to dissipate it by at once entering into preparations for his own departure for the West.

He called upon Mr. Percival, the assumed Mr. Cleveland, thanked him for the amusing and instructive information he had given, and expressed a strong sense of obligation. He left with Mr. Percival an address at the Well-house, at Malvern, and acquainted him with his final destination to

Crockford - Aug. 1. 1871

Upland Castle, North Wales, in order that he might send after him any more Sketches, which his experience and his kindness would allow him to draw.

This and a few other things arranged, at the end of five days after the departure of his noble friends, the baronet had passed Oxford for Cheltenham. At some distance farther on his way, his travelling carriage reached the foot of a hill of very gradual ascent, and of no considerable length. He, however, descended to walk up the hill and relieve his horses. He had not proceeded half way, before he saw two coaches and four, apparently stage coaches, come over the brow of the hill at full gallop. The baronet, anticipating some danger, from the mad and random style of their drivers, and the unsteady progress of the coaches, which appeared top-heavy, hastened back to his own carriage, and ordered it to be drawn up close to the side of the road, and to remain stationary till the others had passed. They appeared both loaded inside and out, but that was not the fact, for one had the roof, back, and coach box occupied with passengers, and only one person inside; while the other had its passengers equally divided inside and out, and about the same number in all. The one which had only one inside, was a gentleman's private coach, built completely in the style of a mail coach, and painted like one, excepting its destination was not written on the doors. The other was a stage coach, and they were racing against each other. They would not stop at the summit of the hill to block, which they ought to have done, but continued the utmost

speed down the hill, which they had also maintained up the hill on the other side, as well as the poor horses were able. Mine host, family, travellers, and servants of the baiting house at the over verge of the hill, came out and lined the top of the hill, looking down after them with the utmost trepidation for the result, which soon took place near to the bottom. The baronet's foresight saved his carriage, and spared his horses some dreadful injuries.

Notwithstanding this precaution, the near coach slightly brushed that of Sir Walter in passing, and then went upon the other coach, when their wheels became closely locked in one another. The off-wheels of one, and the near-wheels of the other, by the force of the collision, were raised some inches from the ground. At length, with a terrific shout from both coaches, the stage coach was overturned upon its side, and in that situation was dragged a considerable distance before the horses were stopped. *The private mail* had the spokes of the hind-wheel driven under, and it immediately fell with a great crash. When the horses were stopped, the carriage rested in a slanting position across the road. For this preservation from also being overturned, the *mail* was indebted to an ice well, which projected near two feet out from the bottom, and was constructed for the convenience of having wine of the best quality, obtained in London, ready at command, the flavour of which would be improved by being kept in a cool place, in hot weather, while travelling.

The baronet shuddered at the awful accident,

and upon seeing the road strewn in every direction with persons,—like the scene after a slight engagement—some unable to stir, others moaning from agony, and the rest just beginning to recover themselves from the dreadful shock. The heart of a man that can stand unmoved on the field of battle, at the sight of a comrade cut in two at his side by a cannon ball, will still tremble at vital occurrences in domestic life, when its excitements are unbent, and its feelings are left to their natural bias.

Sir Walter, prompted by humanity, approached the sufferers, and made those who were most injured get into his carriage, which immediately conveyed them to the nearest place for surgical assistance; this done, it was to return for him by the way they were going. All the passengers of the stage coach, in consequence of being overturned with the greatest violence, were more or less hurt. The most serious injury was sustained by the coachman, who had a compound fracture of the leg just above the knee.

The gentlemen of *the mail* were shot cleanly off the roof all in a cluster upon the road, like so many flounders from a frying pan into a dish. The under one was taken up senseless, and appeared seriously hurt. The others escaped with a few bruises.

“Bee the poors,” said the inside gentleman, popping his head out of the lower window, in dreadful alarm, and his teeth chattering, which were the only bad consequences that attended him, “what the divil is the matter? Bee may sowl, my savantain sanses are jolted as clain out

of my head, as are the brains of a calf's haid, dishéd up for the tahble. To be landed after this fashion, bee J—s, is no joke."

"Oh! you are there, Paddy, are you, and alive and kicking?" said a gentleman, coming to let Mr. Friske out, (for sure enough it was himself,) with a whip in his hand, without his hat and a scalp which he wore to cover a bald part of his head, and which had come off in his hat in the fall, and had rolled with it some distance away. "But as to your savantain sances," continued the gentleman, who was no other than Lord Hulse, imitating him, "I was afraid they must be dishéd along with broken bottles, wine, ice, and water, for the carriage is surrounded with their particles."

"Bad luck to it," said the honourable gentleman, stepping out, "if the wine is all spilt! a drop of *sparkling* would be no bad catch to chair one's *falling* spirits."

"Foregad, my lord," said the Hon. G. Fopperry, approaching, "you have killed Welldone; there he goes, lifeless, in the arms of a strange gentleman, Lord Oaks, and Sir Philip Handy."

Such was the fact; Captain Welldone, motionless, was being carried to the inn upon the hill, by Sir Walter Mortimer, and the two other personages just mentioned, who were *passengers* in company with a few others, by Lord Hulse's *mail* on their way to town.

The captain was immediately put to bed, the windows thrown open for air, and the baronet, with great caution, immediately bled him with a very sharp pen-knife, he fortunately had in his pocket. It was the only instrument at hand, and

the danger of the captain was immediate. He bled freely, and was soon brought to himself, much to the satisfaction of every one present. It appeared he fell upon his temple, which stunned him completely to inanimation.

The party of the *mail*, consisting altogether of eleven persons, had now assembled together, and poured out their grateful acknowledgments to Sir Walter for his prompt services, which, they said, they were sure had saved their friend's life.

Among the party, three or four were recognised by the baronet by name and person, though he himself was totally unknown to the whole of them, excepting by person, which had been seen by some of them in the fashionable walks of life.

"Will you do us the honour," at length said Lord Hulse, addressing the baronet, "to allow us the advantage of knowing the name of a gentleman, who has laid us under such deep obligations?"

"Sir Walter Mortimer," replied the baronet.

"Sir Walter Mortimer, of Mortimer Hall, in the North of England?" rejoined Lord Hulse.

"The same, sir," said the baronet.

"An untoward adventure of this kind, sir, relieves one of the necessity of observing much ceremony," said his lordship. "My name is Lord Hulse," bowing low, "and I am particularly proud that I have the honour of such an introduction, though it is brought about by so unhappy a casualty. Allow me to presume to make my friends also known to you. Mr. Friske, M.P. for ———, of Dell Hall, in the county of Pembroke-

shire ; Lord Oaks ; Sir Philip Handy ; the Hon. George Fopperry," &c. &c. &c.

They all bowed as they were severally named, which was done with so much rapidity, that the confusion the baronet was thrown into by finding himself thus curiously among persons, the most of whom figured in the secret sketches made by Mr. Percival, passed unobserved.

"Do you take snuff, sir," said Mr. Friske, presenting a curiously wrought and very costly gold snuff box, a very recent gain at cards.

The baronet was inwardly convulsed with laughter, as this offer by the honourable gentleman reminded him how faithful his friend had been in his description, but his great command of himself caused it to pass over his features with a faint smile, like the last glow of light upon the distant hill, by the fading rays of the retiring sun.

"Come, gentlemen," said Lord Hulse, "since we must wait here till a new wheel is put to the carriage, which is all the material damage we have sustained, barring poor Welldone's unlucky fall, suppose we see what the larder of this small crib consists of. 'Any port in a storm' is my motto."

The baronet was invited to stay and partake of some refreshment, which he was most reluctantly obliged to agree to. Upon the score of humanity alone, he could not leave Captain Welldone, whose name he startled to hear Lord Hulse just before pronounce, (for he was ignorant, up to that moment, of the name of his patient,) till he found the state of the vein, which he had opened, in a fair way of closing up.

Mr. Friske, in the meanwhile, went to the car-
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riage, had it raised up, and carefully examined the ice-well, and luckily, as he thought, found five bottles of wine,—three of champagne and two of claret, called “tache.” He mounted the stairs of the inn, singing, “May we ne’er want a friend or a bottle to give him.” A repast was soon after served up, consisting of boiled rabbits, smothered in onions, and boiled chickens with parsley sauce.

The whole of the time, and until the baronet’s carriage came to the door, which it was directed to do by a person sent to meet it on its return, the conversation was all about sporting pursuits. When taking his leave, Sir Walter received invitations to see some of the party in London, which he treated as a matter of course. Captain Well-done, soon after, so far recovered, as to be able to join his friends in a glass of claret.

Mr. Friske whispered to Lord Hulse, “Bee the poors, what a fine flat the baronet would make, he was so mighty tander hearted.” He set him down for being, no doubt, as soft-headed as he was humane.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, together with there being so many present, two or three of whom were flats in training, it was utterly out of the question to try it on with Sir Walter at this period, though the notion unquestionably crossed his mind, for to him, “all was fish that came to net,” and he never liked to throw a chance away.

Sir Walter Mortimer pursued his journey to Cheltenham, with feelings of the liveliest disgust, for most of the persons he had just left, which

arose as much from their characters, as from the conversation he was obliged, while in their company, to listen to, which fully confirmed the representations Mr. Cleveland had made.

The baronet staid the night at the Plough, and left at ten o'clock the next morning for the Well-house, where he expected to meet the noble and amiable family of Meadowdale, well satisfied with the attentions, civility, and entertainment he met with at that spacious hotel. He found the noble family occupying the private dwelling, a short distance from the Well-house, belonging to the establishment.

The baronet's reception was warm and cheering in the extreme. Lady Eliza's countenance beamed health and vivacity. Her ladyship had been out daily, sometimes with the family party, at others only with Lord Upland, taking the most delightful rides about the high and picturesque hills of Malvern, by which she had obtained an increase to her health, spirits, and loveliness.

Sir Walter on the following day, had left a few yards the Well-house, where he put up, to pay a morning visit and take a ride over the hills with the marquis's family, when his valet came after him with a parcel, just arrived from Cheltenham. It contained some letters from different friends, and a communication from Mr. Cleveland, which in the evening he produced and read.

SKETCH No. V.

Pugilism.—A Cross.

Kensington Gardens on a Sunday, in the early part of July, 18—. Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske, M.P., and Captain Welldone, arm-in-arm.

Lord Hulse.—“How cursed dull every thing is, not a soul in town,” at the same time exchanging “how d’ye do’s,” with his acquaintances right and left.

Mr. Friske.—“Not a sowl,—not a sowl. Bee J—s there’s nothing to be done at hall,—at hall. Ware it not for a little chicken hazard at Crockford’s, now his bank is closed,* bee the poors, I should parish wid enwee,” (“ennui.”)

Lord Hulse.—“Ah! ah! ah! You speak French with such perfection, Friske, that I’ll make interest to get you appointed ambassador to the French court, on the next vacancy.”

Captain Welldone, leading away from the fashionable walk.—“I say, Hulse, I tell you what I’ve been thinking of, Now that we can command a little of the ready, we might get up a fight between two crack-men upon the cross.”

Lord Hulse.—“I don’t think it would answer well. So many crosses have been fought of late, that the eyes of the public are too much open to them. Fights have become so disreputable, that

* Crockford ceases to put down a bank from July to October, “we are closed for the saison,” (as he himself says,) when he allows the *sharp* and *flat* members to play at any game they like among themselves.

no gentleman can be seen having a hand in them. The day, I'm afraid, is quite gone by, for any good to be done by them."

Captain Welldone.—"The champion's belt, since Tom Spring's time, has been in purgatory. To have a contest for it now, would be some novelty and excite such interest, that a few might be induced to drop their money."

Lord Hulse.—"Who would you get to fight for it?"

Captain Welldone.—"We would soon find some one. I met Bill Wack'em last Thursday at the Tennis Court. He seems on the 'low toby.' He told me he wanted to be doing something, but he could get no backers, on account of the cross he fought with 'goggle-eyed Sawney' not being well managed."

Lord Hulse.—"Ah! they do these things so bunglingly and impudently that they have ruined the prize-ring. Those thundering milk-and-water crosses for ten or twenty sovereigns too, have played hell with all good things, by their frequent recurrence. But do you think Bill would be true and keep his tongue still?"

Captain Welldone.—"A little of the precious metal would cause it to cling to the base of his mouth. Besides he must, or he would get no one to back him again."

Lord Hulse.—"The scarcity of first-rate boxers, and the state of the championship may create a little stir about a topping match, therefore, we'll see Bill to-morrow, and, in a short drive, sound him upon the subject."

Captain Welldone at night, went round to Tom

Cribb's, Jack Randall's, and other sporting public houses, in search of Bill Wack'em ; at length, he fell in with him at Tom Belcher's, where he was smoking his pipe, and quenching his thirst with large draughts of *heavy*. The captain took a seat, produced a segar, and had a glass of brandy and water. Bill espied him, and soon approached table.

Captain Welldone, extending his hand to shake the thick, clumsy, and dirty one of Bill's,—“How are you, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em.—“How are you, master?”

Captain Welldone.—“Sit down Bill. What are you drinking?”

Bill Wack'em.—“Heavy vet, master. Vill you drink vith me?”

Captain Welldone.—“Here's better luck to you, Bill,” drinking out of a pewter pot. “Give me your mawley, Bill, you're a d—d fine fellow. It's a pity you don't do better. What will you take?”

Bill Wack'em.—“You are wery good. Some brandy and vater, master.”

Captain Welldone.—“Tom, serve Bill Wack'em with a stiff glass of brandy and water.”

Tom Belcher.—“Directly, your honour.”

Bill Wack'em.—“Ah! master, if I had any one to back me, I would start for Champion. Why I threw my last master over, vas, because he did 'nt offer me enough, and vas'nt libal. But I have been sorry for it never since.”

Captain Welldone.—“If I could be sure you would now be true, I would try to persuade Lord Hulse to take you up.”

Bill Wack'em.—“May*——me, and——, but I'd do the thing vhat's right. I'm ——, if you may not depend on me.”

Captain Welldone.—“Well, don't say a word to any one. Be about the first turnpike on the Uxbridge road, at one o'clock to-morrow without fail, and we'll see if we can't make up a match for you.”

Bill Wack'em.—“I'll be punctual, master.”

Captain Welldone put into Bill's hand a sovereign, and took his leave.

Bill Wack'em, aloud.—“D——my——I have some good uns vhat vill back me yet; I'll fight any man in England for three or five hundred pounds, and there's a sowereign,” throwing down pompously that the captain had just given him, “in earnest”

Ike Smith.—“Vy I nose a chap as vull vap you, and give you a stun and a half.”

Bill Wack'em.—“None of your chaffing, Ikey, else I'll give you a topper for luck.”

Ike Smith.—“Vy, there's big Stork, and your old pal, 'goggle-eyed Sawney,' vhat vapped you like a child tother day, ready for you at any time, when you can find the 'rag.'”

Bill Wack'em.—“You needn't talk, I'll find a school-boy as shall vap you.”

The next day Lord Hulse, accompanied by Captain Welldone and Mr. Friske, drove along the Uxbridge road, in a job carriage, and picked up Bill Wack'em. They continued the route, and

* The horrible and disgusting imprecations so much used among these fellows, are, of course, omitted.

at length drove down a by-lane to the left, till they came to an obscure public house, standing back from the road side, where they stopped. According to their desire, they were ushered into a private room. Wine and cold lamb, were soon after served up.

Lord Hulse.—“Come, Bill, take a glass of wine. I’m d—d sorry to see you look so seedy. It’s time you did something for yourself, and recovered your fame. If you can make a good match and do the right thing, I’ll come forward with the bustle. Act like a man this time, I’ll always stand by you, and you shall never want for a friend.”

Bill Wack’em.—“I nose vhat sarvice a good friend is to von of our professun, so — and —, if I don’t do my best for you vichever vay you like, master.”

Captain Welldone.—“I said you would, Bill.”

Lord Hulse.—“Well, I want you to fight a good cross. You must stand a little more beating than you did last time, Bill, so as to make a good thing for yourself, and future confidence with the fancy. It must appear a neck and neck heat between you—any body’s battle; you understand me, Bill?”

Mr. Friske.—“It must be done naitly, or not at hall, Bill.”

Bill Wack’em.—“It shall, masters.”

Lord Hulse.—“You must work it into fifty or sixty rounds, and be a good hour before you give in. Don’t let any one know who are your backers. You shall have two hundred pounds for losing. That, besides what you’ll make in other

quarters, will set you up again, and we'll then make another match for you."

Bill Wack'em.—"I'm much obliged to you, masters; I'll do any thing to sarve you. I'll come to the scratch in such fine style, that it shall puzzle the devil to see it's a cross."

Lord Hulse.—"You set-to to-morrow, for a benefit, Bill, don't you?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I do, and I'll take the shine out of the best of um."

Lord Hulse.—"I suppose you can make a short speech, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em.—"I shall be floored at that, master."

Lord Hulse.—"Announce as well as you can, then, that you challenge any man in England for one or two hundred pounds, and that your friends are ready to stake. A few paragraphs in the newspapers* shall follow, which will tend to awaken a general interest upon the event: but mind, Bill, you must be as secret as the grave. You are d—d badly off for blunt, I suppose?"

Bill Wack'em.—"That I am, master. I've all my things up the spout," (pawhbroke's.)

Lord Hulse.—"Well, here are nine pounds, which make ten, with what Welldone gave you yesterday. Now make a better appearance."

The party then ordered the job carriage, and returned to town. Bill Wack'em was put down near the spot where he was taken up. He went

* It is not intended by this, to charge any portion of the press with lending its all-powerful influence willingly to the plunder of the public: but it may serve to show, that it is made the dupe of to further the nefarious and knavish plans of the vilest and lowest set of vagabonds that ever disgraced a country.

round that evening to all the sporting public houses westward, and announced with all the swagger and bluster peculiar to the "heroes of the fist," that he was open to fight any man for two to five hundred sovereigns, and "post the pony."

Two days after, the following account of the benefit at the Five's Court, appeared in various newspapers:

"SPARRING BENEFIT.

"Yesterday there was a pretty strong muster of the fancy at the Five's Court, for the benefit of that 'out and out good un,' Gills, the 'Wapping youth.' On account of the expectation that a match would be made or announced for the championship, it was a bumper. These expectations proved, in some degree, well founded. After some excellent sets-to, and before the Wapping youth mounted to return thanks to his friends for their support, Bill Wack'em, who set-to the last, and showed the perfection to which the pugilistic science could reach, stepped forward amid the waving of beavers, and a tumultuous uproar of applause. As soon as the master of the ceremonies obtained order, Bill doffed his castor, and said:

'GEMON,—I'm not much gifted with the gab, but I stans here to challenge any man in all England, for two or five hundred sowereigns aside. I vants the champion's belt, but let him wear it who proves himself the best man. I means fighting for it, and nothing else.'

"This eloquent speech was hailed with three

rounds of cheers. The best days of the prize-ring could not surpass in interest, what this long-wished-for occurrence excited. We hail the pleasure it afforded to all the spectators, as a new dawn of the prize-ring-sun, which the enemies to the manly sport say had set for ever."

The challenge elicited the following letter to a sporting journal:

"TO THE EDITOR OF ———.

Castle Tavern, July 20th, 18—.

"I was out of town when Bill Wack'em challenged all England at Gill's, the 'Wapping youth's' benefit at the Five's Court last week. I am ready to accommodate him upon his own terms, but only for two hundred pounds. Had I been present, I would have embraced the offer at once, as I should consider it the happiest day of my life to enter the ring with him. If Bill is in right down earnest, my friends will be ready to put down a deposite of fifty sovereigns and sign articles, at eight o'clock on Monday evening next, at Tom Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, in Holborn. Your insertion of this letter in your admirable sporting journal will much oblige

"Your humble servant,
"JACK FLOOR'EM."

As promised, paragraphs in the newspapers succeeded each other in rapid succession, but at due seasons.

Morning paper, July 25th.

"Last evening the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was unusually a lively scene, being thronged to a stand still, by a pretty considerable muster of the fancy, to witness the drawing up of articles for the grand match between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em for two hundred sovereigns aside, and the championship. This interesting event has already excited a great sensation. After a few preliminaries, the following articles were drawn up, and regularly signed and sealed.

' CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

' *Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.*

Articles of agreement entered into this 24th day of July, 18—, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.

'The said Bill Wack'em agrees to fight the said Jack Floor'em a fair stand-up fight, in a four-and-twenty foot roped ring, half-minute time, on Wednesday, the 20th of November, for two hundred sovereigns aside. In pursuance of this agreement, fifty sovereigns aside are now deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher; a farther deposit of fifty sovereigns aside to be made at Tom Cribb's, in Panton Street, on Monday, the 12th of August; a third and last deposit of one hundred sovereigns aside, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday, the 1st of October. The said deposits to be made between the hours of eight and ten in the evening of each day, or the money down to be forfeited by the party not prepared. The fight to

take place not within one hundred miles, nor exceeding one hundred and thirty miles, of London, and the place of meeting to be decided by toss on the evening of the last deposit. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground, and in the event of a dispute, the decision of the latter to be conclusive.

'BILL WACK'EM at his mark.
'JACK FLOOR'EM.'

'Witness P. F.'

"Upon the signed articles being read, which were loudly applauded, and amid the jingling of the *goldfinches*, Tom Belcher, who is fond of his joke, took up a bumper of his best *ruby*, and facetiously drank 'may both of my friends win.' This produced a roar of laughter. The rest of the evening passed off merrily. Each of the men is all confidence. *Five to four on Bill Wack'em.*"

Morning paper, August 18.

"BILL WACK'EM AND JACK FLOOR'EM.

"A second deposit of fifty sovereigns aside was made last night agreeably to arrangement, upon this great match, at a sporting dinner at Tom Cribb's, in Panton Street. Both the combatants were present. A certain *swell* sporting *nob* was in the chair. We never saw Bill Wack'em look better; he is resolved to correct the errors of the past. Upon the deposit money being put into the hands of Tom Belcher, who was present to receive it, the chairman gave as a toast 'may the best man win,' which excited all round the best

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possible feelings. Confidence is evidently upon the rise. Some heavy bets were afterwards made at five to four on Bill. Givers and takers were quite greedy."

Sunday paper, 5th October.

"GRAND MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

" *Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.*

"On the 1st inst. there was a strong party of the *swells* to dine at Tom Belcher's, who treated his friends in his usual good style, providing for them every thing of the best quality. The meeting took place in consequence of the articles stipulating that the third and final deposite upon this great match should be made on that evening. The *bustle* was forthcoming at the appointed hour. Both men were present on the occasion. Nothing could surpass the cordiality of the meeting. Bill drank Jack's health, and Jack drank Bill's health. Their *mawleys*, which are destined to bruise each other's brow for the laurels of championship, were closely folded one in the other in the greatest friendship. The scene was peculiarly touching. 'Bravo, Bill,' 'bravo, Jack,' resounded through the room. The parlour was crowded with the admirers of the separate combatants, anxiously hoping that every step which approached would bring the intelligence that the backers of each had come manfully up to the *scratch*, and made good the stakes. At length Tom Belcher, who is as ready to announce a good thing, as to be in one, immediately upon touching the last *flight of gold*-

finches, descended to the lower regions to acquaint his customers of the *snuggery*, (who surrounded him as if ready to eat him the moment he appeared,) 'that all was right.' The momentous information—the magic sound—had scarcely been heard, ere a few persons immediately dispersed in all directions to communicate the news. "Is Bill up-stairs?" 'is Jack here?' were then the inquiries. 'Send them down, Tom; let's see the brave lads; tell them the place is crowded with their friends.' They soon after made their appearance. The joyous reception with which they were greeted was worthy of the days of Tom Cribb and Mollineux."

Sunday paper, Oct. 12.

"Bill Wack'em will be at the Magpie and Stump, on Wednesday evening, to take a parting glass with his friends, previously to his leaving town for active training."

Morning paper, 17th Oct.

"WACK'EM AND FLOOR'EM.

"These two 'heroes of the fist,' who will contend for the *belt*, are now training, the former at Salt Hill, and the latter at ——'s park, in Warwickshire. Wack'em already is beginning to look the better for the discipline he is undergoing, and his absence from the Saloon and other *fashionable* resorts. He speaks with the utmost confidence of the result of the battle. His general health never was better, and he feels his strength improve daily. The odds remain steady at five to four on Bill, whose tremendous left-handers the

jobs of those who have contended with him have well recorded. Both are full of *pluck*, and have fought many game battles. A good *slashing* fight is already *booked*. The knowing ones say that *it will be a trial for mastery, and nothing else.*"

The farther reading of this sketch was interrupted by the entrance of the footmen, bearing in the tray for supper, and it was therefore put by for that evening.

CHAPTER II.

THE following day was spent in a ride to the camp hill, going over Eastnor Castle, the seat of Lord Somers, and some pleasurable turns about the agreeable walks that have been formed up the sides of the hills, by the orders of the Countess of Harcourt, who, for years, has graced and patronized that neighbourhood with her presence.

When the happy party were assembled in the evening, the Marquis of Meadowdale asked the favour of Sir Walter Mortimer to finish the sketch of the prize fight he commenced the night before. He immediately proceeded as follows.

This *great and interesting* match having thus run the gauntlet of the newspapers in town and country, (for what appeared in the London papers was, of course, copied into the country papers,) became the subject of public talk, and the "spiders" prepared themselves for action with the utmost speed. Some scoured the country, while others confined their operations to town. The real patronizers of the ring are the flats, who, by their certain losses to the sharps, enable the latter, "*hocus-pocus*" like, to learn every move upon the board, and thus they universally bring the game to a *check mate*, to the certain loss of the former.

A certain great hellite,—in whose meteor-like career has perished many a victim, but unlike the sparks of that unnatural luminary which leave no trace behind, his train is marked with misery and despair, and who has wormed himself into great notoriety, not from his good but his evil doings,—being a pretty good judge of most matters, made a point of seeing Bill, before he left town for Salt Hill.

Hellite.—“I say, Bill, you and I was always very good friends,” putting a twenty pound note into his hand. “Vich vay is it to be, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em knew before, that the hellite, as he proceeded onwards to eminence, was a *liberal* rewarder of a good piece of intelligence, and could be depended upon.—“You was always, master, an out and outer. I shall do my best,” raising his left arm, pointing his thumb over his shoulder, and winking the eye on the same side, “I can't do no more, you know, master.”

Hellite.—“I'm wery much obleged to you, Bill. If it comes off right, I'll make the sum fifty. Shake hands, Bill. Good day,—good day. But stay. Who backs you, Bill, eh?” taking out his well-filled silk note case.

Bill Wack'em.—“I mustn't tell that; but,” casting an eye to the note case, “I knows you is to be depended on,—Lord Hulae and his two cronies, to be sure.”

Hellite, putting back his note case.—“I'm wery much obleged to you, thank ye, thank ye—good day, good day,—excellent. I make it fifty, if it's all right.”

The hellite went away, fully assured that Bill

would do his best to win,—*over the left*, and Bill cursed the hellite for deceiving his hopes.

It ought to be observed, that the flat who attempted it, would try in vain to obtain the *secret*, let him offer what money he may. His money would, of course, be received, but he would be wrongly informed, and some of the *spiders* would then be set upon him in order to *bleed* him freely, which operation he readily engages to undergo, under the impression that he is betting upon true information, by which line of conduct, he “jumps out of the frying pan into the fire.”

Both Bill and Jack were plied by their mutual friends to obtain the *office*, as it is technically called. The latter announced with sincerity, that he would win if he could. In all great crosses, one of the men is kept in the dark, which was Jack's case, but the former put many on the wrong scent, by invoking his God, with the most horrid imprecations, that it would be a trial of “who was the best man.”

The movements of those who are known to have always the best information, are very closely watched by many others, who regulate their bets accordingly. The least knowing of these *sweet cherubs* are often deceived and caught in their own net. The great spiders, being well aware that the way they bet is sharply observed by myriads of the minor reptiles, observe a lofty and mysterious deportment, and make fictitious bets among themselves. The effects of all these proceedings, develop themselves in many ways. The great ones are always afraid of a double cross, so they very seldom make any real bets with one another.

In fact, they never bet but upon feeling a surety of winning, and flats might with as much chance lay that the daylight would not shine on the morrow, as to lay with these fellows upon any match whatever.

ONE TUN, JERMYN STREET.

The commencement of November, when town begins to fill. Nine o'clock in the evening. A few of the "delite" in separate boxes,—some drinking wine and cracking filberts; others taking brandy and water and biscuits; and a few gentlemen interspersed about the boxes.

The Hellite and Jem who have worked together for many years, and have been in many a good thing upon the turf, &c. during their time, in a box by themselves.

No. 1 Box.

Jem, in a whisper.—“Is Wack'em to be fully depended upon? He's a rum un, you know.”

Hellite.—“Vy yes, I'll pound it. I'll bet a thousand sowereigns to a shilling it's all right this time. His backers too fight shy. They don't think that I nose them, but I does. I sees 'em taking all the hoddys they can against him, vich exakerly agrees with Vack'em's shrug of the left to me.”

No. 2 Box.

Harry.—“Your good health, Jem, and yours, sir. Are you heavy upon the fight, sir?” Harry was upon the “pumping order.”

Hellite, answering from his box,—“Not wery. I bets the hoddos. Any body shall have my book for a hundred.”

Jem.—“I saw Wack'em fight the last battle. I never saw a man strip so well; his shoulders were as broad as a dray horse's. He must win if he doesn't throw a chance away. He weighs near a stone heavier than Floor'em.”

No. 3 Box.

Gentleman.—“Wait-here, bring me a seegair, and the Globe and Traveller.”

Waiter.—“A segar, sir?”

Gentleman.—“A segar, fellowe? No,—*segars* are manufactured in Aldersgate-street, *seegairs* at A-van-a; therefore, bring me a genuine trans-atlan-tic seegair A-van-a.”

No. 1 Box.

Hellite, in a whisper.—“Vy that's Foppery. Vhat can bring him here I vonder. I have not bean able yet to know how his pulse beats about this here fight. Let's draw him out, Jem.” Aloud to Jem; “vill you take, sir, my five ponies to four on Vack'em?”

Jem.—“I back Wack'em myself. But as I have rather more on it than I wish, I should like to be relieved of a part, so I'll take you, sir.”

Hellite.—“Done, sir.” (Books out, bet entered.) It may not be amiss to mention, once for all, that sporting men enter a real bet on one side, and a *gammoning* one on the other; or make a distinguishing mark at the time of entering, when real and deceptive bets follow each other, on the same side.

Jem.—“I’ll bet you three thousand to one, that the favourites for the fight, and the Derby don’t both win.”

Hellite, taking out his betting book.—“Let me see how I stand for the Darby.” To himself, “taken ewen five thousand, four horses against the field from Lord. —; seventeen hundred to one against Twaddle, from the Earl of —; betted seven thousand to two against Commander, the favourite, vith Mr. —; betted an ewen two thousand, Twaddle against Fiddle-de-de, vith Sir —; an ewen five hundred, Twaddle against Snooks, &c. &c. &c.” Aloud, “I’ll tell you vhat I’ll do vith you, I’ll take your thirty-five hundred to ten, if that vill suit you, sir.”

Jem.—“It’s a bet.” (Books out again, bet entered.)

No. 3 Box.

Hon. G. Foppery.—“How-de-der, gentlemen?” to the hellite and Jem. “I have just arrived from Doncaster. I lost fifteen hundred at the ‘rooms,’” a place for English hazard, during race week, so called.

Hellite.—“Wery heavy play there, sir. I vas a considerable loser at vone time myself, but I

brought myself nearly home, I am only out a couple of hundred.* Lord K——, lost deep.”

Hon. G. Fopperry.—“I have a great idea of this fight. All the knowing one’s, I’m informed, are backing Wack’em. I think he must win, myself. I see by Tattersall’s list in the paper, that the odds upon him are five to four, and that a great deal of money is laid out upon him.”

Hellite.—“It will be a great battle. I have a great deal on it. It will be a fair fight. Wack’em must do his best, or he will never be countenanced again. I’d take hodd’s, that Floor’em is beat in twenty rounds.”

No. 4 Box.

Two Gentlemen, friends, together.

1st. Gentleman.—“What odds do you want, sir?”

Hellite.—“A thousand sowereigns to one hundred.”

1st. Gentleman.—“Done, sir.”

Hellite, (this being a bet he did not mean to make.)—“Stop, sir, a moment, if you please.” then turning to Jem and winking “I’ll give you the refoosel, if you please, sir, as I have betted with you before.”

Jem.—“I’ll bet them, sir.”

Hellite.—“Done, sir.” To the gentleman of

* It is scarcely necessary to mention, that hellites, universally, will never allow that they win. O, no,—they don’t make money, not hey.

No. 4 box; "no bet with you, sir." (Book out, bet entered.)

Hon. G. Poppery.—"I'll bet five hundred to four on Wack'em."

Hellite, in a whisper. "Take it, Jem, and ve go halves."

Jem.—"It's a bet, sir." Book out, and at last a real bet entered.

Two or three legs, only half awake to things and did not know that the hellite and Jem were old cronies, took the whole scene literally, and related it in many circles, by which a great number of persons were made to believe that Wack'em was being backed heavy by the tip-tops, and were induced to follow so good an example. Many of these fell a prey to the better judges, who picked them up as they came in their way. Some others present, who knew all the parties well, could easily sift a real bet from an "all gammon" one, and could dive beneath the surface, were thus enabled to know how things were going on, and how to work in the web accordingly, by which the flies fell aisily (as Mr. Friske would say,) into their clutches. At all sporting places in town and country, the spiders were every where in motion.

Those of Fishmonger's Hall were very active:

"The creature was at his dirty work again."—*Pope.*

All the bets that were offered on one side were taken to a very considerable amount, but individually, and in a private manner, with which the French hazard bank had no concern, though, of

course, much to the increase of the riches of the separate proprietors and their creatures, who followed the style of effecting their plunder, chalked out to them by their superiors.

The gaming web here is of the closest texture, but its fibres can easily be discerned *extending over the seats and property of the rich and noble of the land*. The large *blue* bottle, the *green* bottle, the useful and industrious bee, and other "flies" of the like kind, are seen, without the aid of a magnifying glass, with their legs and wings entangled in its fatal lines, and the "working spiders" dragging them by the motion of their long and forked limbs to the great focus of all—the grand Pandemonium, where there are many others of the same sort already, with the intricate web fast binding their wings, and nearly obscuring their bodies, and the great reptiles griping at their necks, while the bodies of most are convulsed and writhing in misery.

The trio, Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske, and Captain Welldone, who concocted the whole, were very active, as a matter of course, in every quarter, and to them also "all was fish that came to net." Upon comparing books, the bets obtained between the three collectively, amounted to upwards of four thousand pounds.

The time now fast approached for the great battle to take place.

Morning paper, 18th Nov., 18—.

"WACK'EM AND FLOOR'EM.

"——'s park, in Worcestershire, is the spot
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fixed upon for the great contest that will take place between these 'great heroes of the fist,' for the championship and two hundred sovereigns aside, on Wednesday the 20th inst. Thousands from all parts have already moved off to the scene of action. Beds and accommodations are getting scarce. A guinea has been demanded and paid for a single bed for one night. Nothing can surpass the universal interest and stir this great match has created in all circles. The odds, within these few days, have got up to *six to four on Bill*; numerous betterers, but few takers."

From Fishmongers' Hall, through other gaming-houses, down to the lowest pot-house, all exhibited a busy scene, up to the day, and on the day of fight.

Bill Wack'em was driven to the ground by Lord Hulse in a borrowed "four-in-hand."

The combatants met at the appointed hour, and the farce of the fight was enacted before multitudes of people. In the sixty-seventh round, Bill Wack'em fell, apparently, through weakness from punishment. He was picked up, and placed upon his second's knee. Time was called in vain for the sixty-eighth round. An attempt to awaken one of the inhabitants of the "tomb of the Capulets" would have been as availing, as to rouse Bill. He had dropped his head upon his chest, as if he was in a complete state of insensibility. His body, neck, and face were besmeared all over, by a sponge which is used at fights, with the blood that flowed from his nose by a blow he received in the fifth round, which decided the bet laid upon first

blood. His seemingly horrible plight deceived all the spectators but those previously acquainted with how the result was to be, who knew that the principal part was all "sham Abraham."

He was conveyed motionless to a public house in a neighbouring village, which he fixed upon for his head-quarters for the occasion, and was immediately put to bed, inwardly enjoying the sympathetic inquiries that were made in all quarters, of whether he was dead or not, which he overheard as he was being carried through the crowd. A person then visited him, who passed for a surgeon, in order to make the "denouement" of the piece more imposing, but who, in fact, was an old pal of Bill's, disguised in black clothes, to give him a professional appearance, and who, instead of bringing lancets and bottles of medicine, as it might be supposed he stood most in need of, brought a knife and fork, and bottles of *black strap*, (the sole restoratives he required, for he only received a few bruises,) for the two or three days necessary to lay up for the sake of appearances, to pass off merrily.

At all fights, which are considered of importance, there are those present not let into the *secret* at the onset, but who create a *secret* of their own. They come to the scene of action provided with well trained pigeons, (the feathered tribe are here meant, for be it remembered that there are other sorts of pigeons, *trained* in a different manner, and even more necessary to be a party to the proceedings,) and which upon the issue of the fight taking place, are immediately sent upon the wing for London, with little billets attached to them, to

communicate the most speedily to some of the "legs" who remain in town, for the purpose of working the early and secret intelligence to the best advantage. These also make a certain, and at times, a great harvest. Bets to the amount of thousands are often made in the evening of the day of the fight, when it takes place at a distance from town, from whence it is supposed the news cannot arrive under a given time. The rapidity with which a pigeon can fly, is too well known to require farther mention.

Gentlemen connected with the London press specially attend all great fights, and immediately upon their being over, come up, as fast as a post-chaise and four can bring them, to give the particulars in the next day's journal. Some persons who learn through this medium the result of the battle, often pick up a great deal of money before the facts become generally known.

On the evening of a fight, all sporting houses are thronged with the curious, and the fight-legs, who stumble upon many a good flat. The general mode of managing bets when the result is but partially known, and is against the favourite, is to bet the odds upon the *double event*, as it is called, which means, that the favourite on the fight and the first favourite horse for the Derby, don't both win. The battle being lost by the favourite on the fight, decides the wager at once, in favour of the odds better.

On the day succeeding the fight, there was a flaming account of the battle, occupying full two columns of the paper. The disgusting details may well be spared. Suffice it that the account stated

that at the commencement Bill showed his superiority, and took the lead very satisfactorily to his backers. Odds upon him offered and taken. That towards the thirtieth round he began piping, as if in want of wind; that he complained of having received a blow under his ear in the thirty-fifth round, which he felt severely inwardly; that towards the sixtieth round he began to show great distress and severe punishment, and to limp from a hurt he said he had received in a heavy fall in the twenty-sixth round. The odds fell down to even betting, and some few bets made. That from the sixtieth round his backers and friends cried out "take him away," and advised him to give in, as they were apprehensive of something serious from his deplorable condition; that in spite of all this, he came manfully *up to the scratch*, would not give in till nature gave him up, and stoutly proved himself game to the last; and that he was taken senseless from the ground, put to bed and immediately bled, when he then showed symptoms of returning life and not before.

As a winder-up of the whole, in the commencement of the fight, it was stated that there never was a more determined rencounter; that it was Bill's battle up to the forty-fifth round, and after that to the sixtieth, it was any body's battle; that after the sixtieth round, there were no hopes for Bill; that Bill's backers expressed their conviction that he did his best, and they were well satisfied with him; that his heart was in the right place; and, finally, that by his manly conduct he had completely regained the confidence of the ring.

It was afterwards mentioned in a paragraph of

a morning paper, that Bill Wack'em had arrived in town, exhibiting few marks from the *slashing* encounter, but complaining of the injuries he *inwardly* felt from the heavy blows he received in the middle of the fight.

Lord Hulse, Mr. Friske, M. P., and Captain Welldone, cleared upwards of four thousand pounds, after deducting the two hundred sovereigns staked upon Bill Wack'em, the two hundred that were promised him, and the expenses of his going into training.

What the spiders of the "Hall" netted by the transaction must be left to be guessed at ; but considering the vast opportunities that place affords upon all occasions of the like character, it must have been very considerable indeed.

Lord Hulse, in giving Bill Wack'em the two hundred sovereigns that were promised, said "Bill, you performed your part to admiration."

One of the minor crosses subsequently got up by the smaller fry, afforded the ring a great deal of amusement, and its mention will convey probably, a little useful information.

One man was matched to lose a fight for twenty sovereigns aside. Two days before the fight, the other, who was kept in the dark, in regard to his opponent's intention, for a certain consideration also engaged to lose. During the fight, both being thus ignorant of the other's determination, they dealt with each other most tenderly, neither of them giving any decided blows. After fighting a respectable time, each was puzzled how to put an end to the contest with any degree of effect. At length, the one who first engaged to lose the battle, threw himself open to a blow, by widening his

guard and pushing his head forward, when he saw his opponent about to strike. By this manoeuvre he received, much to his satisfaction, a severe blow upon his *smeller*, which caused the *claret* to flow, and him to fall, apparently, heavily. The opportunity was not lost. He *could* not come to time. The other regretted that it had not been his fate to receive such a blow, as he also would have given in upon it.

"So here the whole secret is out about these prize fights," said the Marquis of Meadowdale, as Sir Walter Mortimer put away the manuscript, "which are at once disgusting and brutalizing."

"The only arguments that are urged by the supporters of those barbarous exhibitions," said the baronet, "are, that they tend to nurture and confirm a national characteristic of intrepidity and boldness, and impulse a resort to cuffs in momentary passion, instead of to deadly weapons, which are used on such occasions in some parts of the continent, where such sights are not known. But this reasoning is quite futile and ridiculous. This country was conspicuous for courage and enterprise long before boxing matches were ever thought of, and assassinating principles never formed a part in the composition of the people. They are only calculated," continued he with feeling, "to make a vast many men totally worthless, and a number of others complete bullies, ever ready to take advantage of a weak and inexperienced opponent."

"They are also, it appears," added the noble marquis, "instruments of the most barefaced robberies."

A bottle of fine Herefordshire Perry was opened, with a goblet of which the baronet refreshed his palate, a little parched by reading, and which he pronounced as no bad substitute for champagne, for which, no doubt, it was frequently sold, and it would be well if no worse commodity were passed off for it.

Sir Walter now related about the man of mystery who haunted Portman Square, but all he could learn was, that he had frequently been seen by different branches of the family and of the household, but there was nothing known about him. Some of the servants upon rising in the morning and opening the street-door to cleanse the steps down, have often observed him seated upon the steps, where he might have remained throughout the night for aught they knew, but he always quickly retired when he found any one stirring about the house.

However, they all came to the conclusion that he was a very strange, but perfectly harmless being, and no more was thought upon the matter.

CHAPTER III.

THE following day proved to be so excessively hot, that there was no possibility to stir out.. The Malvern-hills on one side have a south-east aspect, overlooking Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, and a vast extent of the most beautiful country, and on the other side to the south-west, there is an amphitheatre of hills of the most diversified and beautiful proportions, that appear to swell, as pensive twilight spreads its mantle over the fading glow of a declining autumnal sun, into abutments, on which seems to rest the star-studded arch of heaven. To be upon one of these hills to view the rising-or the setting sun, is a splendid sight indeed.

The day-being so cloudless and sultry, the Marchioness of Meadowdale, who had recovered considerable strength by the short sojourn here, proposed having an early dinner, for the purpose of enjoying a walk about the hills in the cool of the evening. The proposal was eagerly sanctioned by the rest of the family, all of whom were great admirers of the beauties of nature.

A footman was despatched to Sir Walter Mortimer, to apprise him of their intention, and to invite his early attendance.

Soon after dinner, servants were ordered to

take a table and chairs sufficient for the party, together with a basket containing wine, fruits, cakes, &c., and have every thing prepared for the reception of the noble party, upon the summit of the hill, celebrated for its "giant's cave." Here the happy party soon after arrived, and seated themselves, in the form of a crescent, about a small round table, facing the west.

"If there is a time beyond all others," said the Marquis of Meadowdale, after a while, which had been occupied, by one or the other, in directing the attention of the rest, to this or that delightful view, "when the mind of man can more particularly lift itself from the grovelling condition of its nature, and become more sensible of an Omnipotent Being, it must be upon beholding a glorious prospect like this. The infidel, in his heart, must say, 'that there is a God.'"

The appearance of the scene, was indeed truly sublime.

The sun was visibly pursuing his course of beauty, through his starry bower, towards declension, shedding into some clouds, and skirting others with a golden hue according to their density, some of which were bursting with the glow, and others were dwindling away into imperceptible vapour. Other clouds rapidly succeeded in endless variety and beauty, till he had nearly run his arched course, when, increasing in size and majesty, those before his face suddenly dissolved away, and he broke upon the sight with his broad full face of gold, shining a richness over all nature and the regions above, while the distant clouds seemed fired with his rays. At length, he reached

his greatest expansion, when he kissed the ridge of the highest mountain, which appeared to open at the touch, and receive, by degrees, the glorious light within its bosom, while the distant objects beneath faded to the view, apparently into mist.

The veil of night, which follows in his train, then spread wide its sable folds, thickening from the east, till a line of light and darkness fringed the west, giving the starry firmament its hour of glory. The silver moon, in pensive beams, then rose upon the scene, arrayed in looks of modesty, and shed a melancholy light upon the surrounding landscape.

The whole party were quite charmed with the heavenly evening, and they left the spot with reluctance to return to their present dwelling, lit on their way by the lunar luminary.

As they were descending one of the zig-zag walks, their progress was arrested by some instrumental music of the most beautiful kind, not far off, and which appeared to come from a thicket overhanging a declivity of considerable depth, and to linger upon the air, for there was not a sigh of wind in the foliage to disturb the sounds, or to bear them quickly away.

Their minds were peculiarly in a vein to receive the unexpected treat with infinite satisfaction. The instrument appeared to be the harp, the strings of which were evidently being touched by a skilful hand. After playing two or three plaintive airs, the unseen musician ran over a short, but well executed flourish, which was prefatory to the following song, which was accompanied by his instrument.

1
 I love a lady rare ;
 She knows not of my love ;
 She is divinely fair,
 An angel from above.

2
 From friends, most dear, I stray,
 To linger near her sight ;
 Her presence is my day,
 Her absence is my night.

3
 Should hope prove all in vain,
 My home shall be the cave,
 I'll wander o'er the plain,
 And pillow on the wave.

4
 As onward time rolls fast,
 In dying I shall prove,
 While laying to the blast,
 A wreck, by hopeless love.

The melody corresponded with the sentiments expressed in the words. The voice of the singer was remarkably soft, and possessed a deep spirit of pensiveness that at once rooted the attention, and charmed the heart. They waited some minutes in breathless silence, in the wish to hear the embowered songster again, but naught stole upon the stillness that prevailed, but the rippling noise of some small rivulet, winding its uncertain course down the sides of one of the hills, to find a level-meandering channel to the valley below.

The party now reached home with feelings of the most unmingled happiness, determined, while they remained at Malvern, to renew, as often as circumstances would admit, their visits to the hills.

"These strolls," observed the amiable mar-

chioness, "are as healthy to the mind as to the constitution."

The following morning produced a small fold of papers from Mr. Cleveland to Sir Walter Mortimer, who embraced the opportunity in the evening, when conversation began to grow feeble, to communicate their contents.

SKETCH No. VI.

CROCKFORD'S.—SCENE THE SECOND. "ECARTE."

Lady Lawnshade's.—Twelve o'clock at night.

The evening parties given by the countess of Lawnshade, were always of the most pleasing description. The Earl of Lawnshade gratified his lively and amiable lady in every wish; and why? because her ladyship's wishes never exceeded their proper bounds. Their elegant mansion in Park Lane, was the resort of all that were conspicuous for their merit,—public or private,—for their rank, their riches, or their beauty. Hence the parties in Park Lane took the lead of all others that were given in high life, and to be at them, occasionally, was the ambition of the world, at least, of those persons who consider that in themselves they form the world, instead of only part of it, and some of whom, the very worst part of it. Mr. Friske, M. P., therefore, over and over again had pressed Lord Hulse, who was first cousin to Lady Lawnshade, to introduce him to the family, which his lordship had hitherto avoided doing; but, at length, the introduction did take place, and, in conse-

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quence of which, Mr. Friske, in company with his noble friend, was at the assemblage on the evening, which is now more immediately in question. Lord and Lady Lawnshade looked upon their relative as a very wild and dissipated man, but, beyond that they surmised nothing. A range of five rooms were set apart for the entertainment ;—a general reception and lounging room ; a room of no marked character, but which may be styled— a conversation room ; a music room ; a card room, and a refreshment room, provided with all the dainties this dainty-getting metropolis could supply. After paying their compliments to the noble lord and lady who gave the splendid entertainment, Lord Hulse with his friend Mr. Friske, forsook the three first rooms, and confined themselves to the two last, as most likely to contain those more particularly suited to their views and pursuits. In this they could not be mistaken. The card room would disclose to their view those who evinced an eagerness for play, and the refreshment room those who were lovers of the bottle, who, at some other time, could be made to play.

“ Will you do me the favour, sir,” said Lord Hulse to a gentleman who was seated alone near a table covered with fruits, &c. “ to honour me, by handing a couple of ices for myself and friend ? I would not give you so much trouble, but I am afraid I should disturb you much more, were I to reach for them myself.”

The gentleman, taking two glasses off a silver stand, “ With a great deal of pleasure, sir.” The footmen at the time were in other rooms.

It may not be out of the way to observe, that, even in small parties, persons are brought together

who are not in the least degree acquainted, and who are only separately known to the inviter.

While his lordship and the honourable gentleman were swallowing their ices, the earl of Lawnshade came into the room, being upon his rounds in order to see that his guests were well attended to, and had what they wished.

Lord Lawnshade, addressing the seated gentleman who was also taking an ice; "Why, Clanalpine, how is this? instead of being in the way of melting hearts, you are in the way of melting ices: but I suppose you take the one to cool the inclination for the other. Lady Mary Wentworth's pretty eyes have been searching in all directions for you in vain, and are melting too, but into tears, from over anxiousness and disappointment at not finding you." Lord Clanalpine smiled good-naturedly at the humour of his lordship.

Lord Charles Clanalpine, the brother of the Duke of Clanalpine, had long been paying his addresses to Lady Mary Wentworth, a beautiful girl of sixteen, the third daughter of the Earl of Primrose, and common report gave out, that shortly they would be married.

Lord Hulse.—"The ices, Lawnshade, are delicious."

Lord Lawnshade, going away.—"I'm glad you find them so."

Lord Hulse.—"My cousin of Lawnshade, knows how to give an entertainment, and to make every one feel at home, better than any man in England."

Mr Friske.—"That ez a vary true obsarration, my Lord Hulse. The Hairl of Lawnshade does

avery thing so alagantly and naifly, bee the poors, hez lordship ez tha most accomplished nobleman in tha thray kengdoms."

Lord Charles Clanalpine, upon finding, by the foregoing observations, that the gentleman who asked him for the ices was a nobleman, and related to the family, availed himself of this opportunity, to join in the praises bestowed upon their noble host.

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—"The parties given at this mansion are the most delightful in town; every person seems satisfied, and all are entertained to their wish."

Lord Hulse.—"Indeed, so. Shall we endeavour to find a fourth, and take a hand at whist?"

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—"I'm not fond of cards. I play at 'ecartè' sometimes, which is the only game I play."

Lord Hulse.—"You know the game of 'ecartè,' Friske;" then turning to the young lord, "allow me the honour to make known to your lordship, a particular friend of mine, Mr. Friske, M. P. of Dell Hall, in Pembrokeshire."

Lord Charles Clanalpine rose from his seat and bowed to Mr. Friske, and Mr. Friske bowed very low to his lordship. The conversation for the present, ceased about cards, and became lively upon other subjects. As occasions arose, the vanity of Lord Charles was well flattered, and he felt quite pleased with the vivacity of his new acquaintance.

The party now began to break up, amid the cry for carriages, echoed from the stentorian lungs of footmen, link boys, officers, &c. Lord Charles Clan-

alpine hastened away to attend upon his intended, but his lordship found that she had left some time. He returned to stay a short while longer, and again joined Lord Hulse and Mr. Friske. At length the summoning sound of "Lord Hulse's carriage stops the way," was heard bellowed from below. His lordship offered to set Lord Charles down, which was thankfully agreed to. The carriage was, in consequence, ordered to Cleveland Square.

Lord Hulse, as they approached St. James' Street.—"Were you ever at Crockford's, Clanalpine?"

Lord Charles Clanalpine.—"Never, but I have heard so much talk about the place, I should like to see it very well."

Lord Hulse, putting his head out of the window.—"Coachman, stop at Crockford's."

Here they soon alighted. Lord Hulse led the way, through all the splendid rooms, till they came to the supper room. A bottle of very choice Madeira was immediately put upon the table by special order. After a few leading remarks, quite unnecessary again to detail, cards were again mentioned, when a match was agreed upon between Lord Charles Clanalpine and Mr. Friske, at 'ecartè,' to play which they adjourned to another room. Cards were immediately produced, and wine—the universal ally, offensive and defensive, in all such encounters,—was also at hand. The parties then set-to to play at five pounds the game.

All the manœuvres that were called to aid an intended *land*, in this instance, proved abortive.

After playing a few games, Lord Charles lost only two upon the balance, when, complaining of fatigue, he moved to go away. This his lordship was not allowed to do, without first being literally dragged to the French hazard room. From this scene he retired with inexpressible disgust. It was a full night; the hour by this time, three o'clock in the morning. The hazard table was surrounded by many personages of rank, who were watching, with intent anxiety, the turn of a bit of ivory,—the die, by which their money was to be decided, and by which the worst passions of humanity would be kindled within them, many a sleepless night passed, and many a sorrow entailed upon an innocent family.

To play "ecarté," all the low cards of a pack are thrown out, from one to six inclusive. The deal is cut for. The dealer deals two cards, two cards—three cards, three cards—making five cards to each person, and then turns up for trumps. If a king is turned up, the dealer scores one. Five points make the game. If the dealer's opponent does not like his cards, he can call for cards, which the dealer can grant or refuse. If the request is granted, each throws out as many cards of the five he holds as he likes, and has, in their place, a corresponding number from the pack. Cards can be called for as often as the combatants will agree to, which the dealer can always refuse after the first time without prejudice. In the first instance, if the dealer refuses to give cards, and loses three or more tricks out of the five, his opponent scores two points. When the parties are prepared to play, whoever holds the

king must say so, and score one, before playing, or he loses the point by the omission. To make three or four tricks out of the five, scores one point with the above exception; to make the whole five tricks, scores two points. Thus three points out of five can be scored in one deal, including the point scored for the king. The deal, of course, is taken by turns.

Cheating, at this game, is effected with a degree of precision and judgment corresponding with that at three card loo. In the first place, the kings in the pack are convex top and bottom, and concave at the sides; and all the rest of the cards are convex at the sides, and concave top and bottom. A king can be commanded at will by the person who is dealer, and acquainted with the use of these cards. A knowing one, besides packing his tricks, to throw commanding cards into his own hand, and low cards into his opponent's, will, by cutting the cards lengthways, always have a king at the bottom. The king, by slipping the cards,* is either made to turn up for trumps, by being made the eleventh card, or is dealt into a given hand, which amounts to the same thing, and tells immensely in favour of the person practising the cheat.

Three or four days were now passed in the most agreeable manner by the Meadowdale family, but without any incident worthy of notice. Sir Walter Mortimer, at the expiration of that time, received a very large packet from town, forwarded

* The mode of slipping the cards, is more particularly described in a subsequent sketch.

by his friend. He commenced the reading of it the same evening.

SKETCH No. VII.

The Gaming Houses.

Let the gaming houses assume whatever denomination they may, their purpose is the same—plunder and robbery. They all pursue, however the games may differ, nearly the same means to attain their end.

The following extract of a letter, describing the Fox hunting Club, in Waterloo Place, will convey a very correct idea of such places, the Fishmonger's Pandemonium not excepted, which differs only in the immensity of its range for prey.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Fishmongers' Hall has been so successful in all its pursuits, that two or three other 'hells' have started somewhat upon the same principle. One has recently opened in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, not half a stone's throw from Carlton Palace, a description of which will afford a tolerably accurate notion of what materials all the different 'hells' are composed. There is every reason to believe that the bank is put down 'under the rose' by parties convicted and punished about two years ago, for keeping other gaming-houses. Two persons are employed as 'croupiers,' or dealers, who were lately released from the Fleet Prison. Another was openly charged with picking a gentleman's

pocket at the very reputable place yeleft the Saloon. A fourth, was himself undone by the same means he now uses to undo others. Such persons are generally selected, it being well supposed that their desperate circumstances will make them ready instruments in all scenes of knavery. They and the inspectors are then disguised in the most fashionable clothing, and appear at the gaming-table at night in full dress. In most instances such clothes are obtained upon credit speculatively of the 'hell' succeeding. The porters, who before were in a most deplorable condition, are now to be seen nightly at their posts with their hair in stiff curl, and arrayed in splendid livery. Thus then are the machinery and workmen of plunder robed in false and deceptive characters. It is impossible for persons to know these things unless they are told, though they ought to be convinced, with half an eye, that all the vast expenses are encountered to dazzle them, and surround the houses with every meretricious excitement, and must ultimately be defrayed by what is sure to be wrung from their own pockets, besides what goes to enrich the keepers to an overflow.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

• "EXPOSITOR."

The gaming-houses are most aptly denominated "hells," from the torments and misery with which all players, more or less, are afflicted by them, and from the heartless "devils" who keep them.

These men can view the progressive ruin of their victims with demoniacal satisfaction and de-

light. They can see with a fiend-like smile, the glow of health and happiness, with which the cheeks of the visitors are painted, on their first entrance, fade to a look of despair and want, blighted by the horrible system that, while it enriches a few low knaves, plunges many reputable families and persons into a chaos of inextricable wretchedness and ruin, and does an incalculable mischief to society. The "hells" possess an "ignis fatuus" fascination about them, the unsubstantial nature of which is never rightly appreciated, till it ceases to gleam upon the ruined condition of its unhappy and deluded victim.

That persons in some degree go of their own accord to these places, is no reason why they should be open for their reception. What renders the evil so apparently extensive in France, is the public manner in which such establishments are conducted, inducing most to visit them, who otherwise never would think of it.

The following letter, in the Times, from Expositor's pen, displays in a great degree the dreadful character of such houses in England.

"GAMING HOUSES.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—I will now give some idea of what could be reckoned upon, and must have been made, by the points of the game at all the principal 'hells,' for the last ten years. Three years back, there were no fewer than twenty-two of them: some were occasionally closed, but fifteen were in full

operation at the same time, such profitable concerns they were sure to prove to their keepers. At some, play was continued with little interruption from one at noon to twelve o'clock at night, and at others all hours throughout the night. They are now reduced to about a dozen in number. The games played at one or other of them, are *rouge et noir*, *roulette*, *un, deux, cinque*, and *French hazard*, at all of which a bank is put down, agreeably to the means of the parties to be played against, the limitation of stakes varying according to its extent. Thus some play 1s. to £5., others 2s. 6d. to £10., and 5s. to £20 £50. and £100., the bank amounting generally to twenty times the highest limits. The banks have certain points in their favour, upon each of which, the stakes of the players in effect lose half; thus each player loses a whole stake on two of those points. Let the stake be 1s. 5s. up to £100., it is all the same. At *rouge et noir*, (played with cards,) these points come up upon an average two in sixty-eight events, dealt in one hour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake, per hour, against the player. At *roulette*, (played with a small ivory ball in a cylinder,) two in thirty-eight events turned in half an hour, 3 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake, per half hour, against the player. At *un, deux, cinque*, (played with a large ivory ball, with forty-eight spots, twenty-four black, sixteen red, and eight blue,) six in forty-eight events rolled in one hour, 6 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake, per hour, against the player.

"The money risked at these 'hells,' up to three years ago, was much greater than it is now. How-

ever, take an average of time and stakes, and we shall not be far off a right judgment upon the subject. Suppose the hours of effective play at all the 'hells,' to have been five hours per day, all the year round, (Sundays excepted,) from the year 1814 to 1824, ten years, and that the whole of the stakes upon each event at each 'hell,' in the aggregate amounted to no more than £300.; then £300. per hour, £1500. per day, £9000. a week, £36,000. per month, £468,000. per year, were worked into the different banks by such certain points alone. Half of this may be said to be composed of money won a-head of the banks, which thus falling from day to day back again into them, is merely nominal; but the other half is hard money from the pockets of losing players, by the risk of which, they have no chance of winning a penny. The half is £234,000. per year, which in the ten years, amounts to the vast sum of £2,340,000. This is exclusive of what has been got by cheating, and upon the equal chances, which cannot be remotely guessed at, but it must have been very considerable, as the large masses of plunder gathered by one or other of the keepers, are over and above their extravagant expenditure for ten years, which came out of it. There are on an average to each 'hell,' three proprietors, four 'croupiers,' and four waiters and porters,—in all eleven persons; fifteen hells, eleven to each, make one hundred and sixty-five 'hellites.' The keepers only share the overplus of plunder, after defraying wages and their heavy expenses, and they being three to each, in all forty-five, who sack in the ratio of the extent of their banks. The

fortunes, therefore, which have been collected by some of them by this horrid system of robbery are immense. Many of these have been accumulated from banks, originally not amounting to more than £500. each, and many from even much less. The heart really sickens at the recital, and at the sad reflection that these vast sums are composed of the patrimonies, in part or all, large or small, of thousands and thousands, all of whom have been more or less injured, and most entirely ruined and undone. This is truly a melancholy part of the subject; that men of rank, property, and character, can be so weak as to go up to such fatal places to risk money against that belonging to such persons, and not to see that their own losses, as well as the losses of others, actually furnish the means that constantly effect the destruction of themselves and others. Noblemen, members of parliament, officers in the army and navy, gentlemen, merchants, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, clerks, and others, have all felt the griping influence of this horrid system. Some of the players are constantly disappearing: some have been executed; many have committed suicide; many have become subject to the lighter punishments of the law; others have fled the land to avoid them; many are starving in the streets,—but the major part are to be found in the different prisons, both felons and debtors, all of whose misfortunes and miseries have their origin in their visits to these infamous dens.

“If any one can doubt these various facts, let him make a few inquiries of the multitude of broken players, and visit the several prisons; when

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all skepticism must vanish. It might be supposed, that these 'hellites' would have some little respect, some little feeling and heart for the distresses and miseries they are made by, and flourish over ; but no such thing,—they scoff at and insult them. They look down from their drawing-room windows, and from their carriages, on their victims as they pass in the streets with contempt and indifference, and afford them no relief. They won't deign to even notice those to whom, while losing thousands to them, they bowed and cringed with the meanest servility, helping them to seats at their gaming-tables, (to their dinner-tables now stand they most in need,) and to intoxicating wines and refreshments. No, they have already sacked all their money ; they can get no more from them ; they are in dire want, so they want no longer to know them. When the unhappy and abject condition of one, who has lost thousands in his time, happens to be mentioned in the presence of those newly initiated, from whom it is expected a rich harvest will be reaped, it is observed,—' Oh, he never had any money to lose, whatever he had was won of the banks ; but when a man is distressed who we know has really lost money, we never refuse him.' Those who have been reduced to beggary will tell a different tale. They may draw their purse-strings for a pound or two, two or three times ; but when a fourth or a fifth application is made, 'tis met by every species of insult. —' I will not give you another penny to save you from starving.' —' I will not give you another penny to save you from the gallows,' are the replies. When it is considered that many of their victims

are starving, and that many have met with that and other violent deaths, and that they may have sacked the proceeds of the acts which caused their untimely or ignominious ends, the heart quite shudders at the brutal allusions. But what can be expected of them; for the most part they spring from the dregs of society, and are as deficient in manners as they are in the common feelings and principles of humanity. It is truly lamentable, that there are to be found those who still pursue the same course which has proved so fatal to many thousands before them, many of whom are constantly crossing their path, when their own daily losses ought to convince them that the same must be their fate if they continue the pursuit. The money pocketed with the greatest impunity, is that from noblemen and gentlemen of large fortunes, who, from their rank and connexions in life, fancy they would disgrace themselves were they to commence actions of recovery or prosecutions against them. A few prosecutions certainly are brought, but they are compromised as quickly as they are brought, the greatest offenders evading by trick the laws altogether.

"It is urged, that it would be impossible to suppress gambling, it is too inherent in the human heart; but if it is wholly impossible to eradicate the propensity, at least, destroy the temptations that encourage it, when for want of opportunity to gratify, it must subside to a very great degree.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"EXPOSITOR."

London, July 26,

To the truth and accuracy of this frightful picture of the hells, many an aching heart, could sigh responsively.

The following is a list of the gaming-houses open some time ago. Many of them are now closed, and are turned into private houses or shops. Those in italics, however, are still in full work.

No.	Where situated.	Game.	Bank.	Stakes.	Hours of play from M. N.
61	Piccadilly.	f. h.	10,000.	10s. to 200l.	9 all night
60, 1, and 3.	St. James's St.	"	"	"	"
12.	Park Place.	"	2000	5s.	"
75.	St. James's Street.	r. n. & e. h.	1000	100	"
6.	Pall Mall.	"	2000	"	"
68.	ditto.	"	1000	"	2 to 9
71.	ditto.	"	"	"	"
32.	ditto.	"	"	"	"
55.	ditto.	"	200	"	1 to 4
33.	ditto.	"	"	2s. 6d.	7 to 12
16.	Waterloo Place.	f. h.	2000	5s.	"
5 and 6.	King Street.	r. n.	1000	2s. 6d.	2 to 5
10.	ditto.	"	400	30	7 to 12
33.	Bury Street.	"	1000	5s.	"
6.	ditto.	"	400	2s. 6d.	2 to 6
7.	ditto.	"	"	"	4 to 7
15.	ditto.	"	100	"	7 to 12
16.	ditto.	"	"	"	"
9.	Bennett Street.	"	1000	5s.	"
3.	Cleveland Row.	"	400	2s. 6d.	3 to 6
4.	Plecker Place.	"	50	100	9 to 12
77.	Jermy Street.	e. h.	"	5	"
8.	Ormond Street.	"	"	"	9 all night
13.	Leicester Street.	"	"	"	"

f. h. French hazard; r. n. rouge et noir; r. roulette; u. d. c. un, deux, cinque; e. h. English hazard; m. morning, and n. night.—Each player must confine himself within the limits here specified, though it must be mentioned, they are often departed from.

In a conspicuous part of the rooms of play, generally over the fire place, a paper stating the game that is played, the limits of stakes, and the hours of play, of this description, is stuck up.

“ROUGE ET NOIR.

“Morning, from 2 to 5.

Evening “ 9 to 1.

Stakes 5s. to £100

N. B. No declarations will be attended to.”

This rule means, that no person must declare a bet without staking the money. This precaution is thought necessary, in order to protect the bank against declarations from persons who have not the means of paying them, if lost, though all gentlemen of money are well aware, that whatever they choose to declare will be attended to.

The refreshments at the high hells are, tea, coffee, fruit, confectionary, wine, supper, &c. ; at the low hells, tea, biscuits, and liquors.

When the bankers think fit, two or three other games are occasionally introduced, a manœuvre often resorted to, should the bank, by any rare accident, have a run against it. Some of the hells are constantly varying their games.

The hells, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers' Hall are not less than *one thousand pounds a week*. The next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week ; and the minor ones of all, (with the exception of those where English hazard is played, the expenses

of which are trifling,) vary from forty to eighty pounds.

The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each;—the “croupiers,” or dealers, three to six pounds;—the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds;—what may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c. is not known, but they receive, no doubt, according to the *services* they are called upon occasionally to render. Then comes rent and incidental expenses, such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large, viz. the money annually given, in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since, by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those “playing and betting” at them, are now, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. The houses belong to separate parties. Sometimes the bank is put down by one man alone, but, generally, there are three or four in it, who divide the spoils.

When they meet with more than ordinary success, they give something extra to the dealers, waiters, and porters. Some dealers, croupiers, or groomporters, have a per centage upon the gains. The gains are calculated exclusive, and the losings inclusive, of the expenses. To be clear,—if a bank gains £350. upon a balance, during a week, the players must have lost £500.; but if it is out, which rarely takes place, £500., the players can

et noir," will convey a very just idea of what it must be at all other games.

The "rouge et noir" table measures 14 feet by 6, and is flat and oblong. It is covered with a green cloth, on which are sewn four small oblong pieces of cloth, two red and two black. Red and black opposite each other at one end of the table, and black and red on the other, on which the money is staked. In the centre of the table, a box is sunk, into which the cards are thrown after each "coup," or event, is decided. The money of the bank is divided, and generally placed on both sides of the box, in a line with which, and opposite to one another, sit two dealers. The players occupy the other parts of the table. The bankers, or their overlookers, have high stools or chairs apart from the tables, by which they command a view of all the proceedings.

The game is played with six packs of cards, indiscriminately shuffled together, which, when packed and cut, are dealt out, card by card, from "coup" to "coup," till the whole are dealt away, which is called a deal. The court cards count ten. The cards as they are dealt, are turned upon the table with their faces upwards. When "the game is made," which means, when all the money intended to be staked upon a "coup" is down upon the colours, and the dealer is ready to deal. The cards are then dealt till the number of pips count thirty-one up to forty inclusive, and two such lines of cards make a "coup." The first line is dealt for the black, the second for the red; whichever is nearest thirty-one inclusive, wins, and the other, of course, loses. The game,

therefore, lies between thirty-one and forty inclusive. The two lines vary according to the pips of the cards, which follow each other. Thus:

First line 31,	Second line 31,
or 32,	or 32,
or 33,	or 33,
or 34,	or 34,
or 35,	or 35,
or 36,	or 36,
or 37,	or 37,
or 38,	or 38,
or 39,	or 39,
or 40.	or 40.

Thus the two lines may vary, in relation to each other, from thirty-one to forty, or forty to thirty-one, and in this only the game consists.

For instance, 7, 10, 5, 2, 8, make thirty-two for the black; 6, 4, 8, 9, 4, make thirty-one for red, and red wins. If the number of the last line comes first, and the first last, black wins. The annunciation to players being simply "two—one; red wins," or, "one—two; red loses," and so on, according to the termination of the lines. The dealers then draw all the money from the losing colour, and pay to the winning one amounts equal to what are down upon it. The winners then draw their money, and with the losers at will, stake afresh. "The game is" again "made," another "coup" is dealt, and so forth, without variation, to the close of play. When the two lines correspond in number, which generally happens about six times in the course of a deal, it is termed an "après." When these occur, with *one little exception*, it is optional either to withdraw the

stakes, or leave them for decision by the next "coup." Thus far, so good. But when a "trente-un-aprè" comes, the case is widely altered. These "31 après's," coming more frequently than any other, have been selected, for obvious reasons, as the point in favour of the banks.* When these come up, (and come they must as sure as any "coup,") all the stakes down are in the "après," as it is called, and, in effect, pay half to the bank; thus two "31 après" sweep away a whole stake from each of the players, whether that stake be 5s. or £100, without the shadow of a chance of winning a penny. The players, however, have the choice, (a fine choice it is,) either to divide such stakes with the bank, or leave them for the next "coup" to decide whether they are lost altogether, which would be the case if the colour lost on which they were, or, preserved by its winning, which amounts precisely to the same thing as dividing the stakes at once. To simplify it, suppose £100 down upon black, and £100 down upon red, which stakes are left undivided for the next "coup," the bank will take £100 from the next losing colour, and pay nothing to the other £100 upon the winning colour. Divide the two stakes at once with the bank, and it gets £100 all the same. There have been five or six "31 après's" in one deal, sometimes there has not been one for three or four deals together, but the latter is of very rare occurrence. Two

* When "rouge et noir" was first introduced in France, the game had two points for the bank,—31 and 40 "après's," but subsequently it was *modestly* considered, that the first "après" was quite enough. And so it is with a vengeance.

"31 après," on an average, appear in three deals; each deal averages about twenty-two "coups," and the three are easily dealt in one hour. The odds, therefore, in favour of the bank, are two to sixty-six, or one to thirty-three; that every "coup" dealt, proves a "31 après," which bear upon all even stakes, or average ones, at the rate of about one and a half per cent. per stake, or one hundred per cent. per stake, per hour, which the bankers themselves are obliged to admit. Pay one and a half per cent. on £100, and play £100 sixty-six times, £100 within one pound would thus be paid, which would be the same thing as losing the £100 in the usual way.

Sometimes three or four "31 après" have come up one after the other, when a stake of £100. (and all others in the same proportion,) pays in effect half upon the first, half of that upon the second, and half of the remainder upon the third; thus the £100. would dwindle down to £12. 10s.; don't divide, when it must be upon the winning colours afterwards, as often as there have been "après," before the £100. get clear, against which, if there are three, the odds are seven to one; and if only two, three to one, without increasing them, by calculating the chance of fresh "31 après."

It is often observed, when stakes are in "31 après," that they may be gained back by the next "coup," and so lose nothing; but there is the same chance that they may be lost altogether. When stakes are left undivided, the probability is, that they are preserved whole one time; and wholly

lost another; so divide or not, one whole stake must be swallowed up in two "31 après."

Great particularity has been observed in explaining, in different shapes, the influence of "31 après" upon individual stakes, in order to meet the various remarks which are often made, to pervert and conceal the real truth. That influence, however, is indisputably put in a clear point of view, by the following scale, which ought to satisfy the most sanguine and deluded player, of its ruinous nature.

If £100. is taken to a house by a player, as a capital to play with, (some take more, some less,) different sums from one to thirty pounds or more, are staked at one time or another. As a "31 après" may start up, when a heavy stake is down as well as a light one, an average stake must be taken. If the average stake is one-fifth the capital, one stake is sacked in two "31 après," three deals sixty-six "coups" one hour, and the whole capital in ten "31 après" fifteen deals—330 "coups," five hours—thus

1-5th a capital in 10 "31 après"	15 deals 330 "coups" 5 hours.
1-10th " 20 " 30 " 660 " 10 "	
1-15th " 30 " 45 " 990 " 15 "	
1-20th " 40 " 60 " 1320 " 20 "	
1-25th " 50 " 75 " 1650 " 25 "	

It is assumed, that a player neither wins nor loses upon the common chances of the game, and that he plays every "coup," but if he plays only now and then, which some players do, thinking, erroneously, (for at any one time there is the same probability of an "après,") that they have a better

chance of avoiding the "après," his stakes are influenced in the same ratio.

Thus, it clearly appears, for players to have any money left at all after a certain time, even if they play so low as 1-25th their capital each stake, they must be winners of that money of the banks. Players sometimes win a few "coups" a-head of the bank, but, most frequently, the bank is a-head of them; yet they must pay their capital to the points of the game, whether they are neither "winners or losers," or are winners. If they lose upon the common chances, their money, of course, goes the quicker, to which the bankers have not the smallest objection. This account shows the sure working of these "après," let the mode of play be whatever it may. An enormous sum falls upon the points of the game, by the risk of which, there is not the smallest possibility for players to win a farthing. Some bells having heavier play than others, get a greater share of the spoils. In the calculation made by "Expositor," in the foregoing letter, the sum that falls upon the points or ~~banks of different games,~~ appears to be £234,000. a year,—a sum that does not appear too large, when the great expenses of the houses, and the enormous fortunes amassed by the keepers, are taken into consideration.

Where does this money come from? it would be ridiculous to suppose that it was money won of the banks, for their whole amount did not reach, exclusive of the French hazard banks, £15,000., (see list, page 61,) and their winnings, each day, were withdrawn, and the banks, of the same

amounts, put down from day to day. How very preposterous to lose fortunes upon such an empty shadow,—a bait so well hooked. So convinced are the bankers of the sure advantages of the “31 après,” that a certain Major A——, who is in the habit of taking in with him £500. or £1000. daily to play, offered to give £100. to the bank each day, before he commenced play, to be relieved from them, which was refused. That of course,—for the major generally plays £100 stakes, and, therefore, a few “31 après” soon eases him of his capital. When he has any money in hand, he must have gained it of the bank upon equal chances. What amazing folly to play at a game, the points of which are certain to sweep away so much, and to suppose that success could attend upon the common chances, at all commensurate to it. Now, what is here pointed out, as being got by the “31 après,” is exclusive of what is sacked by cheating, and the equal chances.

It is giving the bankers every advantage of a fair position to suppose, that, upon the equal chances, they neither win nor lose, though, at times, they win immensely, and never can lose much, which is evident from the large sums constantly risked against their little. Therefore, suppose upon an average, there is an equal amount down upon red as upon black, when, it will be seen, the players pay one another, the bankers depending upon the “31 après” in their favour, a style of play, each individual set of them, always wish to see at their own table.

What are the results of all these things? Why

the funds and resources of the bankers, put them all together, did not exceed £15,000., but their gains since have been enormous. Some of them are now worth two or three hundred thousand pounds, all made in the space of nine or ten years. These moneys have been lost from time to time, by thousands and thousands of persons, to banks, whose owners could not lose, (supposing for a moment they could lose at all,) on the onset, more than £15,000. at the very utmost. These riches have changed masters, and got into a few worthless hands, while most of the persons, who have been weak enough to lose them, are vitally struggling, in consequence, in an abyss of misery, vice, and despair.

The passions of the players are often named as a cause of loss. But in reply, though they have with some that effect, yet there are others, who come and play a cool, deliberate, well-digested game, which is sure to win they think, but they lose equally the same. The passions of a man may certainly influence him to lose, yet they also, at other times, may cause him to win,—therefore the passions of the players are quite subordinate to the surety of loss, in the game itself.

Five hundred pounds is a very good capital to pit against all the money of the town, it is sure soon to increase and multiply, in a rapid and wonderful degree. The large fortunes of some of the hellites have been made from capitals much less.

One hellite was candid and open enough to tell a young man, in whom he felt an interest, that it

was utterly impossible for a player to win. "*Do you think,*" added he, "*that we would encounter our great expenses, if we were not quite certain of our game?*"

The farther reading of the sketch of the gaming-houses, was here deferred till the following evening.

CHAPTER IV.

THE baronet proceeded with sketch No. 7, on the following evening.

Notwithstanding the certainty of the "31 après" when opportunity offers, cheating is resorted to, which is also practised at all the other sort of gaming-tables.

The bankers are jealous of each other's success. Crockford is envied by the whole fraternity of hellites. They don't much like players taking money from their table to others, not thinking that money is in like manner, brought from other tables to theirs, by which a reciprocal benefit results to all. They like all money brought into their house, left there. A young and sanguine player, flush of money, is sure to be the last to leave the table, and the first to be at it. When such an one quits the table a winner, (which of course is sometimes the case, else the robbery would be too palpable,) he comes again the earliest moment, and brings not only his money, but also that which he has won, never having prudence enough to leave any part behind. The bankers or the overlookers observe the game he plays, and have the cards packed against it, ready for his coming. A few cards are loosely thrown into the box, to give the appearance that part of the deal is over. He no

sooner makes his appearance than the dealer proceeds with the game, as if it was in continuation of the play, commenced before his entrance, and says "make your game, gentlemen," the colour's "black" or "red," according to the colour of the first card, which is always announced before dealing a "coup," when in a few "coups" more, especially as they don't fail to pack a few "31 après" as well, he gets cleared out of every penny. Young players generally stake against runs upon a colour, thinking it vastly odd, that there should be a run beyond four or five upon either, (runs of 18 and 20 have been known,) so they are induced to back the losing colour, as high as the limitation of stakes will let them, when a packed run or a natural one sweeps away their money in a few moments. A transaction of this sort at a hell in Bennett Street, robbed a young gentleman out of about £700. in eight or nine "coups." He played generally upon black, and a run upon red was packed against him.

The packing of cards against any particular game, and of "31 après," can only be done at the commencement of play, or at a renewal, after a cessation, which, at times, occurs for want of players.

An officer who held a high station about his Majesty, and who avoided the dreadful consequences of a serious crime, by escaping from a prison in the city, was, one night, at No. 10 St. James's Square, (now a private house,) where he had often been before a very heavy loser, robbed of a considerable sum, by seven or eight "31

après" being packed, one after the other, in the same deal.

A mode of producing a run upon black when the heaviest stakes are upon red without packing the cards, is practised with great success. The dealer proceeds with the game, till he gets a line of cards counting thirty-one. He throws the other line of cards into the card box, and adroitly places every time the thirty-one line again upon the pack he holds in his hand to deal from. By this manœuvre, thirty-one is always turned up for black, and red must lose.

Another style of cheating is resorted to with great impunity. The dealer will pay to heavy stakes down which win, in many notes, to cover the appearance of their being short of what they should be, which from the delirium or intoxication of the players, to whom the money belongs, is rarely detected. If it is, the dealer has only to apologize for the mistake!

And again. All stakes intended to be risked upon a "coup" must be down upon the colours before the cards are dealt. The dealer sees which colour has the heaviest stakes—say black. The cards turn up 7, 10, 5, 9, 6—total 37 for black; 2, 7, 5, 9, 7, 8,—total 38 for the red: black then should win, as being nearest 31. The dealer should say "7—8, red loses." The odd number of each line only is announced, therefore it is very easy, in their quick calculation, to drop a pip or two of one line, or add a pip or two to the other, and make it appear that red wins instead of black. If any player has counted the cards as they fell upon the table, and so detects

the cheat, it also passes off as a simple error, with "oh, dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, it is clearly a mistake, it is impossible to be always correct." The dealer then will count the cards singly, and make other apologies for the *error*. It is very remarkable, though, that these "errors" are invariably in favour of the banks. Those who have small stakes upon the opposite colour, though they may see it, will never point it out, because they win by these "errors," and self-interest causes them to wink at such proceedings.

The players against this horrid system, at these dens of mid-day and midnight robbers, combine the nobleman down to the tradesman's clerk. This heterogeneous mass form three distinct classes, not of rank, for gambling levels all distinctions of that kind, but of circumstances, and as a player proceeds on his road to destruction, his appearance is a gauge to his purse and resources, and is a sufficient badge of the class to which he belongs. The first class in time becomes of the second and third, as the second and third have been of the first.

The first class consists of those newly introduced, plenty of money at immediate command, surrounded by the affections and esteem of friends and relatives, great in resources, of a contented, happy, healthful, and respectable appearance, with gold watches and a variety of other costly ornaments. It is a matter of joke and speculation with the second and third class, how long these appendages to a gentleman will be retained, keenly recollecting how they had been compelled to part with their own. Some have carriages, horses,

servants, &c. These are treated with marked respect ; bows and smiles at every turn, but in a short time they begin to feel the griping influence of such places, and all their advantages by degrees to wither, when most of them are seen descending to the second class.

The second class is composed of those who formerly held a station in the first. These wear upon their visages a look of care and deep anxiety, and have nearly drained their resources dry, their friends beginning to shy and turn their backs upon them. From having a good change of habilaments, they now appear, day after day, with the same clothes on, though still of genteel appearance. Their horses, &c. all sold off, and their watches and ornaments at the pawnbroker's, when many of them rapidly descend to the third class. This being observed, an awkward show of respect is paid them by the creatures of the hells ; in short they can scarcely treat them with common civility.

The third class,—here it would be well if there were nothing more to disclose. The third class consists of those who have descended from the first class to the second, and have at last reached a degree of abject misery truly heart-rending. Their money all gone, their resources wholly dried up, and their connections and friends (hopeless of them) entirely lost to them. They present pictures of the deepest distress, want, and despair, not knowing where to obtain a meal one over another, or how to secure a bed night after night, their clothes faded and threadbare. The closely buttoned-up coat but ill conceals the absence of

a waistcoat or a shirt, or the soil of them. These then are shut out from "hell" to "hell," till none but the lowest description will admit them. At night, they flock to the English hazard houses, where they bury their miseries in sleep upon chairs, or upon the ground. Many will group together, and utter bitter and horrid imprecations upon their follies and unhappy condition.

A gambler's mind becomes impaired, step by step, with his circumstances, till that and them are lost in one common ruin; his best energies are blasted for ever, and he is cast upon the world a worthless and a starving object.

The career of a gambler is very shortly summed up. He loses, from time to time, all the money at command, which commences his difficulties, and throws him upon his resources. These soon after fail, with increased difficulties, and he then resorts to his credit. Of credit he is soon bereft, with difficulties still multiplying, with less power of extrication, and he is then put to his shifts. When, having lost all the money raised in various ways, and being completely shorn of all ability, by proper means, to get more, he is finally driven to acts of desperation and ruin.

When a gentleman first appears at these hells, the hellites and the players are curious to learn who and what he is, especially the former, who calculate the rich or poor harvest to be reaped by him, and they regulate their conduct accordingly. Should he be introduced by a broken player, and loose a good sum, his introducer—the pimp—knows the opportunity when he can borrow a few pounds of the hellites. If his information respect-

ing the resources, &c. of his *friend* be satisfactory, a similar request is made. But should the gentleman be successful, of course "a few pounds to give his kind friend a chance," will not be refused. Should he, on the contrary, lose (which is most probable) a few hundreds, all he may have with him, his "kind friend," who sticks to his elbow, and who, it is seen, can pick up something from the hellite or the player, and therefore feels an interest in encouraging him to play, intimates that the bankers would probably lend him fifty or a hundred pounds. Upon this proposition he hesitates at first, under a feeling of shame and degradation, but it is artfully added, that "he would then have a chance of gaining back his loss, and such instances often happen." This, by the by, is false, for a person seldom or never retrieves such losses, or, in fact, any others. However, being under the influence of great excitement and a heated brain, the point is soon yielded, which is the first evincement of the undermining of all good feeling. The hellites then are applied to, who venture, after he has lost hundreds, to lend him twenty or thirty pounds, for which his check is demanded and given. This is one of the tight holds their infernal web takes of their victims. Thus they not only know his name, but soon ascertain, by under-hand inquiries, at his banker's (where they may possibly bank themselves or some of their tribe), the extent of his account, his connections, and resources. Upon this knowledge, if his account is good, they will cash him checks on another occasion to within a hundred pounds of the balance.

Instances have been known, after checks have been cashed and paid in this way to large amounts, and the balance drawing to a close, that when a check for a small amount has been wanted cashed by the very same parties, it has been refused, the hellite actually telling the party, within a few pounds, the amount he had left at his banker's. One gentleman was once told to five pounds what he had there.

This conduct, it will be seen, must be attended frequently with the most ruinous consequences. Many a player, after having sustained some heavy losses, resolves over breakfast to take up to play only a certain sum, and to cut for that evening, or for ever, if it is lost. But in a house of play, how baseless and rotten prove the best resolutions: they all evaporate by the turn of a card or a die. Such money is no sooner lost, than more is obtained upon checks, by which they find themselves the next morning, instead of a few pounds, minus hundreds or thousands.

When one house closes for the day or night, there are always persons ready to convey a stranger to some other house. One house or another is open from one at noon to any hour throughout the night, (see list page 61), so that a poor dupe at last, at a late period of the night, by this whirlwind of play, bends his steps homewards, fleeced of all his money.

When a man once enters a house of play, his mind undergoes a complete revolution. As he continues his visits, his feelings as a gentleman, his delicacy of sentiment, his morals, his honour, all gradually give way with his money. The virtues of his mind

are destroyed by the disgusting examples before him, of men who, possessing none themselves, laugh them to scorn in others. If he could but see the horrid deformity of these "hells" and most of their visitors, surely he would hesitate before he set a foot into them. But being there, from the instances of vice and folly ever before him, he, by degrees, unperceived by himself, becomes an imitator of the most revolting language and the worst of principles. A mania seizes and clings to him from the first. In spite of his own constant losses, the losses of all around him, the objects of misery, in consequence of their's, ever presenting themselves to his view, he pursues the same headlong course with a fanaticism beyond all belief. The springs of social life get dried up within him; he no longer is happy in the bosom of his family; he can no longer enjoy the society of a friend, or of a virtuous woman. In fine, he is never content away from the houses, and when he is, never ceases talking about them. If he has a pursuit in life,—a profession, a trade or calling—he can no longer follow it, his mind is untinged, and he can pay no farther attention to his studies or his duties. His whole soul is engrossed, enchanted, by these most foul and diabolical establishments, that he is too blind to see that they must sooner or later encompass his ruin, and that when he falls, and fall he will, a gambler falls unpitied and unrelieved.

It is a curious feature in the career of a gambler at these hells, that he gets reconciled; apparently, to his degradation and downfall. Though now and then a thought of happier days, and of what he might have been, flashes across his mind, and penetrates his heart with a desolate misery.

If a man's income be no more than a hundred a year, it would be much better to be content with that, away from them, than make it, were it possible, a thousand a year by visiting them.

A player's mind is always upon the rack,—the torture,—ever under the influence of tumultuous passions that destroy all repose. At one moment in an excess of joy at an instance of good fortune, and the next, yielding to the bitterest despair for its indurability. The sudden transitions from grief to joy, and joy to grief, which are ever occurring, and are the more intense by the difficulties a person may be in at the time, and from their repetition, have a dreadful effect upon his mind, which receives a deeper wound at every fresh occurrence. Men have been, by these vicissitudes, so inwardly convulsed, that their limbs have trembled, and large drops of perspiration have rolled from their brow.

When players are completely *cleaned* out, the hellites wish to be freed from their visits, and when their impudence has not the effect of keeping a ruined man away, they *turn* him out without the smallest compunction. Besides a new comer might take the alarm by the sight of ruined men, and the facts they could unfold.

The following account of the treatment one gentleman met with, which appeared in the Times, will afford a pretty fair sample of what poorer objects have frequently experienced; it was headed "Outrage by the people of a gaming-house. (From a correspondent.) One of those scandalous scenes of violence, which often happen at such a place, but seldom become publicly known,

on account of the disgrace attending exposure, occurred on Saturday se'nnight, at a low 'hell' in King Street, St. James's. A gentleman, who had lost considerable sums of money, at various times, announced his full determination never to come to a place of the sort again with money. His visits, therefore, were no longer wanted, and so orders were given to the porters not to admit him again. About two o'clock of the night of Saturday week, he sought admittance, and was refused. A warm altercation took place in the passage between him and the porter, which brought down some of the proprietors. One of them, a powerful man,—a bankrupt butcher,—struck him a tremendous blow, which broke the bridge of his nose, covered his face with blood, and knocked him down. On getting up, he was knocked down again. He rose once more, and instantly received another blow, which would have laid him upon his back, but one of the porters, by this time, had got behind him, and, as he was falling, struck him at the back of his head, which sent him upon his face. The watch now had arrived, into whose hands the keeper and the porter of the 'hell' were given. At the watch-house they were ordered to find bail. The gentleman was then about to quit, when he was suddenly called back. A certain little lawyer, who alternately prosecutes and defends keepers of gaming-houses, in the mean time, had been sent for. He whispered to the ex-butcher to charge the gentleman with stealing his handkerchief and hat, which, it was alleged, had been lost in the affray. Though nothing was found upon the gentleman, who desired to be searched, this prepos-

terous and groundless charge was taken; the hellites admitted to bail, but the gentleman, who had been so cruelly beaten, being charged with a felony, on purpose to cause his detention, and the power held by magistrates to take bail in doubtful cases, not extending to night constables, was locked up below, with two wretched men who had stolen lead, and five disorderlies, his face a mass of blood and bruises, and there detained till Monday morning, in a most pitiable condition. The magistrate, before whom the party appeared on that day, understanding that the affair took place in a gaming-house, dismissed both complaints, leaving them to their remedy at the sessions."

The account of another disturbance about these sinks of knavery and iniquity, appeared in the following letter in a morning paper:—

"Sir,—Permit me, through the medium of your respectable journal, to expose a most crying evil, which I shall be glad to combine with my neighbours in endeavouring to remove.

"I have the misfortune to live near two notorious gaming-houses, Nos. 5 and 6, King Street, St. James's, and my family are repeatedly disturbed by dreadful rows taking place both inside and out. At an early hour (three o'clock) this morning, we were awoke by a great scuffling, and loud cries of robbery, murder, &c. &c., I put up the window to see what was the matter, and found the fearful cries which broke in upon the stillness of night, to proceed from the passage of No. 5. Shortly after the door was suddenly opened, and a gentleman was thrust into the street by some

ruffians, and dashed into the middle of it; upon his back, with great violence. On this, a lady screamed, who was accidentally passing in company with a gentleman, when the guardians of the night came up, surrounded the three, and took them to the watch-house.

"The watchmen, no doubt, get well rewarded for such services. I see them constantly in familiar converse with the porters, &c. of these places, go in and out of the passages, and have overheard them return thanks for what they have received.

"The quiet of night is destroyed, particularly in summer-time, by the rattling of dice and jingling of money, intermingled with the most horrible imprecations, which are plainly heard by all passers by.

"I rise early to business, and often witness the frequenters come out at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and such a set of dirty shabby vagabonds, for the most part, I never beheld; ripe, I should think from their appearance, for any act of desperate villany.

"From the boldness with which these people carry on their infernal trade, one would suppose that the laws against such places were expunged from the statute book. However, I do hope, if the present laws are powerless, that some more efficient will be framed to put them down.

"I beg to apologise for trespassing so much upon your valuable time, and am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"AN INHABITANT OF KING STREET."

One of these hells in King Street, is kept by two bankrupt butchers, a bankrupt publican, a journeyman tailor, (who was in St. George's Hospital, where, expecting to die, however incredible, he sold his body to some surgeons and recovered upon the purchase money,) a man who kept a chandler's shop, and two others of the like stamp. They put down a small bank at French hazard during the day, and at night play against one another at English hazard with the money they make in the morning, and are ready to cut one another's throats as they lose, at the same time using the vilest oaths.

Fights constantly are taking place in the play rooms. The following is a humorous account given of one of them, in the Morning Herald.

"FIGHT AT A GAMING-HOUSE, AND GRAB AT THE BANK.

"FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

"On last Thursday evening, at No. —, King Street, St. James's, a low gaming-house, there was a great treat to the 'ring,'—not the 'prize ring,' but what is elegantly denominated the 'leg ring,' composed of worthies who are well practised in all the *secrets* of black-legism. The 'roulette' table and ivory ball were revolving their *certain* course, and the 'croupier,' a fit '*subject*' for any 'hell' here or down below, was squeaking out, 'make your game, gentlemen,' when an altercation arose respecting an event of the game between Doo-all, the *hellite*, a German with a *queer* ogle, and —, the *safe* player, a *wapping*, square-

shouldered Hibernian. The lie was given to Paddy, who instantly gave the *hellite* a smart *tapper* upon his *smeller*, which laid the 'sharp' flat upon the play table. This *stake* was as unexpected as unlooked for, for the 'Zeros' could not affect it,—besides, it was at first surmised that a 'grab' was intended. This partially occurred, for in the confusion a general scramble took place for the shillings, half-crowns, crowns, and sovereigns, belonging to the bank, much to the satisfaction of many broken players present. This over, a ring was formed of the motley group for the combatants, who peeled for the contest,—a convincing proof that they at least had shirts on, and that they were somewhat clean, though as much could not be said for every one round. The parties came to the *scratch* breathing defiance, and a good *mill* was expected, as they were both of a height, nearly as muscular, though Paddy had much the advantage of weight, and altogether had the appearance of a '*finisher*.'

"Round 1.—Much cautious sparring; Paddy smiled and made play; he showed by his attitudes that his friend Tom's instructions had not been lost upon him. He made a feint within distance, which the *hellite* did not guard. It told slightly over his left *ogle*. Had it been a determined blow, there must have been a pair of *queerens* for him. Here he showed that he knew more about the use of a rake than of the *bunch of fives*. It was also remarked, that Paddy was more experienced in *shaking the elbow*, *planting the dice*, and an out-and-out good *fist* at using the 'cue,' than in using the *mawleys* this way. Paddy, at length, put in a

well-intended blow upon Doo-all's *bread-basket*, which would have *kneaded* him up but for the sovereign bag of the bank (which he succeeded in securing,) being in his waistcoat pocket, which broke the blow and nearly *chancerified* the other's knuckles. In manœuvring, the *hellite* fell over a chair, which concluded the round.—2 to 1 on Paddy, but no takers.

"2.—The *hellite* came to the scratch evidently not pleased at being *touched* so near his *sovereign-bag*. He was still more cautious than before, and his money seemed to be his peculiar care, as he lowered his guard to defend his body. Some excellent scientific feints, and a few well-meant blows were made, but all being out of distance, no mischief was done. This was the best round, at least the most amusing one, from the activity displayed by both to keep at a respectful distance from each other. They danced about like a couple of bears, and a fiddle only was wanting to complete the illusion. Paddy at last mustered up all his courage and went to work in earnest. He judged his space well, and *floored* the *hellite* by a tremendous blow over his guard upon his *mug*. It was now 'Fishmongers' Hall' in St. James Street, to the 'Shinies' in Leicester Street.

"3.—From the result of the last round Paddy felt all confidence, and became the bolder. He went in with a terrific aspect. The *hellite* hopped, skipped, and jumped about in every direction to avoid him. There was no knowing how long this would have lasted but for the following interruption. The alarm bell (which all 'hells' are provided with,) was rang, and at the same time, a

voice from below lustily *bailed* out 'the officers, the officers!' This was enough. Hellites, players, spectators and fighters flew in all directions. The thoughts of this 'mill' were lost in the prospect of the 'treadmill,' pell-mell they scampered, —'save qui peut' was the order of the day. The confusion was indescribable. Two persons hastened up the chimney,—some found their way to the coal-hole, and covered themselves over with coals,—others went up into the bed-rooms, put on night-caps, and tumbled into the beds,—one got into a foul-clothes bag,—all had soon left the scene of action. It was soon ascertained that it was a false alarm, and that some wag had practised a *hoax* upon the trembling fears of these execrable violators of the law and of society,—but it put an end to the fight. When they had all re-assembled again, the *chimney-sweepers*, *coal-heavers*, and *foul-clothes-man*, cut most ludicrous figures."

The habit of playing at these hells, besides other dreadful consequences, destroys all notions of economy, and engenders a wasteful extravagance.

Three young men from the city, under twenty years of age, were allured one evening to the hells in Bury Street. All of them won, about eighty pounds together. Their good fortune was watched by a couple of "legs," one of whom had handsome lodgings near Grosvenor Square, to which they asked the three cits to go to take supper, when they were about quitting the gaming-house. The invitation was apparently acceded to, and at the top of St. James's Street, one of the legs called a hackney coach. When it came up,

the legs wanted the cits to jump in, but they insisted that the legs should get in first, which they did. When the legs were comfortably seated, the cits, who were a little awake, took off their hats, and wished the legs, most politely, a very good night. The legs called after them in vain, they had got into another coach, and drove off to Vaux-hall Gardens. There they met with some fair damsels, whom they treated to an elegant supper, and champagne and claret. Being unaccustomed to such fare, the wine soon got into their heads, which, together with being elated with their success, made them completely beside themselves. They commenced their pranks by throwing glasses of champagne over one another. Then they proceeded to break the glasses, plates, and whole bottles of wine. At length, committing much greater mischief, the officers, in attendance, were brought to them. A bill was made out for their entertainment, and the damage they had done; it amounted to twenty-five pounds. Upon paying it, one of them exclaimed, "it is but a stake" (hiccup) "upon the colour."

This evening's freak may be said to have sown the seeds of their total undoing. One was a baker's son, who ultimately plundered his father; another was a linen draper's clerk, who plundered his master of near 2000*l.*; the third was also a tradesman's son, who plundered his father of a considerable sum, the major part of which money was lost to these banks. The linen draper's clerk married one of the loose women who was one of the party at the Gardens, and when his peculations were detected, he fled with her to France.

He was pursued, at the instigation of his master, by a police officer, who came up with him in the South of France. The French authorities were applied to to give him up to the officer, who had a warrant from Bow Street for his apprehension, but the request was refused. As he was travelling under a false name, which is a great offence against the French laws, he was taken up by the "gens d'armes," and confined for a considerable time in a prison at Bourdeaux.

Such instances of extravagance are not wholly confined to players, but extend to the hellites themselves. One day, when Crockford was connected with No. 5, King Street, the bank had netted a considerable sum; Mr. Abbott, one of the partners, when play was over for the morning, invited an officer upon half-pay, who had lost his money that day, to dine with him. The invitation was accepted. On their way to Leicester Place, where Mr. A. lived, they were overtaken by an unfortunate gentleman, who was in deep distress from his losses, and who asked the loan of a pound, having no dinner to go to. "Upon my word," said the hellite, "I really can't, the bank has been out of luck; but, however, here are five shillings to get your dinner with."

On passing Grange's, in Piccadilly, a few minutes after, the hellite went in, paid seven pounds for fruit of great rarity, of which there were two pounds of hot-house cherries, at *one guinea a pound*.

Mr. Phil. Holdsworth, now dead, another partner of Mr. Crockford, was even more extravagant. His house, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, was fitted

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up in eastern splendour. When the bank was very successful, he would take many persons home after the play was over at night, and have a complete carousal, with the choicest wines, fruit, &c. One Saturday night, after the division of the week's spoils, on an occasion of the sort, while sprawling upon the carpet, in a fit of intoxication, he displayed a roll of notes, amounting to upwards of twelve hundred pounds, which he described as his individual share.

Captain J. H. Davies was concealed at this person's house, till he was able to effect his escape to America. The history of this ill-fated gentleman is pregnant with melancholy reflections. Captain Davies was lieutenant of the King's Yeomen of the Guard, for which high station about his majesty he gave four thousand pounds, and to obtain which commission, great interest was also necessary. He was a constant player at No. 10, in St. James's Square, where the "31 après" were packed against him, and at No. 5, King Street. When his fortune had been wrung from him, by one foul practice or another, he committed several forgeries, to enable him to pursue the dreadful vice. He obtained ten thousand pounds from the Bank of England alone, by forging his brother's name, all which he lost. At length he forged upon a west-end banker, for four thousand pounds in bills of acceptance at a long date, and took them into the city for discount. While the bills were being entertained for discount, a young member of the banker's, being in the city, happened, by mere chance, to call in, when the bills were shown him. He expressed his ignorance of such

bills being out, and stated the date for bills of so small an amount, to be longer than they were in the habit of accepting for. He desired the money not to be given for them, till he had been back to make inquiries. He drove off in his stanhope, as fast as he could, to his banking-house, when he found that they were forgeries. Captain Davies, in the meanwhile, was detained upon some excuse, and upon the other's return, was taken into custody. He underwent several examinations, and was confined in Giltspur Street-Compter. From thence it was managed that he should escape. His servant came under the pretext of taking away a large trunk of things; the captain changed dress with him, and left the prison with the trunk upon his shoulders. Being unaccustomed to carry any such thing, and, probably, the thoughts of his critical situation together, he felt overpowered before he had proceeded many yards, and seated himself to rest upon the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church. He then called a coach, upon getting into which some low fellow passing by observed, "You lazy fellow, your master ought to be informed of your laziness." The coach took him to the neighbourhood of Clarges Street, where, as previously agreed upon, he went for concealment. All the hellites were in dreadful alarm, while the captain remained in custody, on account of his great respectability and the stir that such a victim to their system would make in the world. They said it cost them a thousand pounds, before he was finally out of the country. Policy, and not humanity, dictated this interference in favour of the captain on the part of the hellites.

Captain Davies subsequently declared, that he thought he had found out a mode of play by which he could win a certain sum of money every day ; an illusion which has proved fatal to many. The bars, or points, in favour of the bank, at any game whatever, effectually destroy all possibility of the kind. He forged, however, for a long date, in order to raise a capital to play with, intending to take up the bills before their date expired, from the expected gains. If he lost the money, he made up his mind, he said, to sell his commission to meet them. His previous severe losses ought to have convinced him of the folly and weakness of indulging in such futile expectations. His resolves, no doubt, would have proved fallacious. When he had quitted the country, another gentleman was appointed, without purchase, to the lieutenantancy.

Mr. Cleveland's interesting account of the gaming-houses here gave way to some very spirited observations, arising from the facts it disclosed, in which the Marchioness, Lady Eliza, the Marquis, Lord Upland, and Sir Walter, bore each their part, but which, being of a nature that must present themselves to the minds of all persons with common reflection, it is not necessary that they should meet with more particular notice.

The remainder of the evening passed off with the usually calm serenity of pleasure, which invariably distinguished this well-regulated and highly-gifted family.

CHAPTER V.

Continuation of Sketch No. 7.

ON the succeeding evening, after coffee had been dismissed, Sir Walter Mortimer proceeded with the MS. This part contained anecdotes of a variety of characters, illustrative of the whole diabolical system of gambling.

The baronet thus pursued the subject :—

As will readily be imagined, this hellish system is stained with innumerable instances of crime, and blood—suicide, and ignominious end.

A very curious instance of self-destruction, it is said, unintentionally committed, occurred in the year 1818. Count S——ki, a Polish nobleman, had arrived a few years before in England, to spend some time. He took lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's, that hot-bed of hell, in which neighbourhood they sprung up like mushrooms. He soon found his way to them. The count received his income from Poland, quarterly, the major part of which, he, as periodically, lost to the gaming-houses. A week after its receipt, he was, generally, without a guinea ; after which, he depended upon the goodness of his landlady for all that he required, who was regularly paid out of the next quarter's receipt. He was quite a sinecure to No.

5, King-street, where he constantly played. His landlady, who knew that he gambled, and often noticed him wretched and unhappy, remonstrated with him on such occasions upon the dreadful pursuit, but all in vain. He would laughingly observe, in his foreign accent, "Ah! my dear ladee, you tink I shall shooter myself trough de head." One day he returned home after losing his remaining money, and went into his bed-room for a pistol, a brace of which he always kept by him. His landlady came into his apartments, to deliver some message, to whom he said, "Now den I shall shooter myself," upon which he put a small quantity of powder into the pistol. In his nervous agitation, while losing at the play table, he twisted about in his fingers, a "rouge et noir" marking card, till he made it round and hard, which he brought home with him in his hand, and put into the pistol. "Now den," he exclaimed, "I shall shooter myself," and then fired into his breast. He instantly fell. The card bullet had penetrated and made a deep wound, of which poor Count S—— lingered a few days, and died. Before his death, he declared he had no intention of destroying himself, and that it was all a pretence to frighten his landlady.

That death should ensue from such a singular cause, is by no means incredible, when all surgeons, accustomed to wounds from fire-arms, can testify as to the depth that wadding, put in even in a loose careless way, will lodge in them, and that this was inflicted by a card, which is capable of being rolled into a very hard substance.

A young gentleman, of a good family, of the name of M——, had been a considerable loser, and one night, at a hell in Pall Mall, lost the remainder of the money he had at immediate command. He asked the proprietor, at about two o'clock in the morning, to lend him ten pounds for some particular purpose; he was offered five, which he refused to accept. Soon after, he took his departure in complete despair. As day was dawning, a few of the players who knew young M—— about the tables, and were passing through St. James's Park, on their way home to Pimlico, beheld the unfortunate young gentleman suspended by a silk handkerchief from the branch of a tree; quite dead, but not yet cold.

Among many others who have come to a premature end, in consequence of these wretched dens, the most conspicuous, are,

Polidori, committed suicide.

A gentleman living near Golden Square, ditto.

S——n, the Government clerk, ditto.

Captain Wemyss, ditto.

Count Swaifmoff, ditto.

Captain Chamberlain, immediately after quitting No. 5, King Street, ditto.

Captain S——, ditto.

Mr. C——, ditto.

Snape, the purser, hung for forgery.

There have been many executed, for different crimes, under assumed names.

Offences of every variety have also sprung out of visits to them.

Mr. Maher committed forgery.—Verdict, insainty.

Simpson, the stock broker, is on board the Hulks for fraud.

A clerk in the Navy Pay Office, a friend of Sir G. C——, taken up in Paris, brought to this country, tried for embezzlement, and transported.

Captain L——s, aide-de-camp to the late Lord Hutchinson, after losing his money to No 5, King Street, and No. 77, Jermyn Street, went home, and, in a fit of desperation, cut his throat, but did not do it effectually. It was rumoured throughout the hells that he was dead. On his recovery, he paid a visit to No. 10, in St. James's Square, at which place he met with a friend, who, upon seeing him, exclaimed, "Why, L——s, I'm d——d glad to see you, I never expected to see you at 'rouge' again; why, they told me that you had cut your throat, and was dead." "Oh! no," replied the captain, laughingly, "it's cut, and come again."

The instances of persons being reduced from great affluence to penury and distress, are very numerous indeed.

The late Colonel T——, lieutenant-colonel of artillery, who had seen a great deal of service, had received several very severe wounds, for which pensions were allowed him, and was considered one of the bravest officers of the service, was quite a sinecure to these houses. Besides losing his private income, he used also to lose his pensions and half-pay, as regularly as he received them. Though his income, altogether, was near a thousand a year, more than half his time he was without a guinea, during which, he would borrow of whoever would lend him. This brave man, who

was a giant against the foes of his country, was converted into a mere pigmy by these houses, and was always in embarrassments. In spite of a very painful wound in his leg, from which splinters of bone were constantly working out, giving him excruciating agony all the time, he has often walked miles to secure a dinner, or to borrow a pound. One day, when he could scarcely put one foot before the other, at one of those periods, the writer met the colonel in the Strand, on his way to some agent in the City. He asked the loan of five shillings to pay for a coach; the request was instantly granted. When he was without money, he would bitterly curse the hells and his folly together; but he no sooner received an advance, than away he would post to them again, so powerfully did the dreadful propensity control him. At last, poor fellow, he died in the rules of the King's Bench.

Captain —— is a post-captain in the navy, on half-pay. He has lost fortune in possession, and in reversion, besides the respect of his immediate relatives, who, dying, have left him—not large legacies, which they could and would have done, but—out of their wills. He relieved himself of his embarrassments, by taking the benefit of the act.

In Colonel B——, the hells sprung a mine of wealth, which yielded to their *praise-worthy* labours, full fifty thousand pounds. He is now in distress.

Colonel T. was in command of an infantry re-

giment, at the occupation of Paris, by the allied troops. He there married a lady with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; a great portion of which he lost at the saloon,—not the choice one in Piccadilly, but another kind of one in the “Rue Grange Batallier,” in Paris. He came to England, and soon lost the remainder. He then sold his commission, and lost the purchase money. He now depends wholly upon his friends for support.

Sir ———, Bart. came at an early age to a princely fortune and the baronetcy. Soon after a vacancy occurred in the representation of a southern county, in which neighbourhood laid a great part of his estate, and he succeeded, his family and himself being held in great esteem in that and the adjoining counties, in securing his election without opposition. The spiders of the gaming-web were in active motion to fall in with him every where. The race spider, the fight spider, and the hell spider, alternately griped and bled him in their turn. He was the easiest flat that ever fell into their claws. No. 5, King Street; No. 9, Bennett Street; No. 58, Pall Mall; No. 81, Piccadilly; and latterly, 50, and 51, St. James's Street, have been the scenes of many a midnight robbery, committed upon this open-hearted, generous, and, with the exception of the abject vice of gaming, amiable baronet.

His fortune, (nor no other man's yet,) was able to withstand the shock of collision with the foul practices of such knaves. He soon was in want of money. He raised money upon mortgage.

He lost the hold he had upon the county he represented, and upon the next general election was thrown out, though he put himself to a vast expense to insure his return, which farther increased his difficulties, in which he has ever since been struggling, with the high spirit, which has always distinguished him, though bearded by every upstart, still unbroken. It is a melancholy thought, that such a man as this, born to great pretensions; with a princely spirit; with a mind and abilities capable of adorning a senate and his country, should have all the fine attributes of a man nipped in their bud, by the universal blast of gaming.

Mr. ——— came upon the “pavé” at a very early age, much to the blame of his parents to allow it. The gaming web was soon spread around him, leaving him a focus just sufficient to move in. Money lenders, of whom money at an enormous interest, was obtained to pursue gaming of all kinds, and gaming-house keepers held his post-obit bonds for very considerable amounts. When his father died, he came into the undivided possession of an immense fortune. He threw many post-obit transactions into chancery, not gaming ones, for a false principle of honour prevented that, but usurious money-lending ones, which he was desirous of paying off upon equitable principles,—the amount advanced and a fair remuneration for its use. This spirited act, brought a vast many, who held his bonds, to better terms without recourse to law. He was induced to maintain a racing stud, than which, for gaming spiders, nothing is more desirable. The racing

stable is so warm, that they have only to stretch their long legs for the various flies that *light* in the dark upon the thick spread web, which is woven in every corner. The stud is sold off. This gentleman green-bottle, has now his wings and body fast bound in the fishmonger's net, from which, it is expected, that it will not be long ere he is ejected, to give up the ghost in a foreign clime.

Captain F. was ordered off to the East Indies to join his regiment, and, in the capacity of paymaster, received from government, before his intended departure, a considerable sum of money, which he dropped at the different hells. His father was applied to, to make good the amount, but he could only advance a part. The unfortunate captain was therefore obliged to sell his commission to meet the deficiency, and his bright prospects were thus blighted for ever.

A gentleman named S. living in a fashionable square, though of considerable property, was always in embarrassments, from his play at French hazard, at the hell in Piccadilly, (now closed) and, subsequently, at Crockford's new hell, (now just rebuilt,) in St. James's Street. Having lost all his ready money, immediately after the March quarter, he framed an excuse, and took his lovely young bride to his country seat. He there left her, and, upon a trifling pretence, hastened up to town. On his arrival, he pawned the family plate at a silversmith's, for three thousand pounds, which he quickly lost. The transaction came to the knowledge of his amiable lady, who, in a state of

distraction, flew to the protection of her friends. They now live separate.

One night, after the opera, the young Marquis of B——, in the company of Lord W——, and Mr. D——, went to play at rouge et noir, at No. 9, Bennett Street, St. James's. They were all a little flushed with wine, particularly the noble marquis. Mr. D—— soon lost his money. Lord W—— won ten ten-pound stakes, which he lent to Lord B——, as soon as they were won, his lordship meeting with indifferent success. At length the marquis lost all. He borrowed of the hellite one hundred pounds. The cloth, on which stakes were put for black, was of a claret colour, and his lordship, who had a great fancy for the colour, as well as for wine of that name, generally backed black, exclaiming, "claret's the colour, waiter, a glass of claret." This was repeated nearly at every stake, till the waiter, to be more ready to attend to his commands, stood behind his lordship with the bottle of claret and glasses on a silver tray. He soon lost the hundred pounds; he borrowed a second,—a third, and a fourth hundred. It all went. He wanted a fifth, which was refused, without his lordship gave a check for the five hundred. The marquis would not do that. A warm altercation ensued. His lordship began to feel that claret *wine* was rather more substantial than the *colour*, and used under its influence, some few round and harsh phrases. The hellite retorted. The dealer, a powerful man and a good boxer, then interfered. Some very high words passed, and the dealer, pulling off his coat, offered

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to fight his lordship! and began squaring at him. The noble marquis would have been treated very roughly, had not his two friends interposed to prevent so scandalous an outrage. A peculiar instance, among many, of the levelling effects of these places, where a noble marquis and a "croupier" actually meet each other half way, the lordling degrading himself to an equality with a dealer, and a dealer believing himself to be as good as a lord.

Mr. —, while yet very young, came into, it is said, full six hundred thousand pounds, in ready money. The reptiles of the gaming web were quickly in motion, to fall in with and pounce upon him. So rich a victim is not every day to be met with. His steps were followed, his every movement watched, and the venomous reptiles were lying in wait for him in all directions. The gaming monsters were in extasies when it became known (and news of such events flies very fast throughout the web,) that the "golden" gentleman played and was a heavy loser at the late Watier's Clubhouse, (in which concern Crockford was a fourth partner,) at French hazard, and that he occasionally played at "rouge et noir," in Bennett Street. The members of other gaming establishments, in the neighbourhood, were nightly in the most anxious hopes, that in his rounds he might happen to lodge on their part of the web. Creatures from each house were constantly upon the look-out for him, in order, when they had opportunity, to acquaint him with the situation of the hells to which they were attached. A nest of them soon be-

came known to him, at No. 75, St. James's Street, where "rouge et noir" was played up to one o'clock in the morning, and after that hour, English hazard throughout the remainder of the night, whenever any *gay mid-night golden-tinted green bottle* fell into their clutches, and was likely to afford them a rich repast. This gentleman (than whom a nicer this town don't boast), in company with the Earl of U. and Mr. M., one night, at a late period, came to the above place. The spiders, well knowing each other's properties, seldom meddle with one another, and there being no fly to bleed, there was no play going on at the time of their entrance. They no sooner appeared, however, than the wink passed round, and the box and dice were instantly put in motion, and "seven's the main, seven," was promptly the cry. There were present besides of the "ring," B. and O., the proprietors, a creature of their's, the late Mr. P., one of the most expert managers of the dice ever known, and two or three more. Pocket-books were produced, money displayed, fictitious bets offered, and every allurements thrown out to induce the three gentlemen to play, especially Mr. —, against whom a dead set was made. Mr. P. produced a few hundreds, and made a great show of the notes, which he never did, but when there was a good flat to draw. Mr. P. subsequently observed, that "his money would have been risked upon a good adventure, for he was well aware that his (the gentleman's) checks were good for twenty thousand pounds—an amount that might be won of him if he got a little sprung, as he would be lucky indeed if he could beat

them all," especially, he might have added, in spite of the foul practices which also would have been resorted to to rob him. However, for this time, their manoeuvres did not succeed; for the three friends, after losing some small amounts, left the house. It would have been well, if they had always remained as wary, for subsequently, each has lost heavily to the French hazard bank.

General Lord ——— was obliged to accept a command, in a distant country, on account of his severe losses at Fishmongers' Hall.

Captain ———, another post-captain in the navy, was in the habit of going to a "rouge et noir" hell in Pall Mall, and used to afford to players, bankers, croupiers, and waiters the greatest amusement, by being excited in a very peculiar manner, as he won or lost. There was a very superb plate-glass over the mantle-piece in the play room of the hell, in which the gallant captain was very fond of admiring himself, and to which he would go, (generally standing up to play) between each "coup," and talk loudly to himself.

One evening the following scene took place:—

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black."

Captain, coming from the glass.—"Twenty pounds black."

Croupier.—"Seven, eight—red loses."

Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—"Delightful game this, sir; I could have staked my life black would have won."

Croupier.—“Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s red.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“Thirty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“Three, five—red loses.”

Captain, going to the glass, grinning with rage.—“Oh, you d—d fool!” shaking his clenched fist at himself, “are you not ashamed of yourself? why didn’t you put on red?”

Croupier, amid a general titter.—“Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s red.”

Captain, coming from the glass and muttering.—“Fifty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“Two, one—red wins.”

Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—“What a charming game, quite delightful, sir; upon my word,” stroking his chin and shaking his head complacently at himself, “you are a lucky dog.”

Croupier.—“Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s black.”

Captain, coming from the glass with the utmost good humour.—“Five-and-twenty pounds black.”

Croupier.—“Nine, three—red wins.”

Captain, going to the glass, and stamping his foot.—“D—nation! Ah, you ass!” grinning wildly, “I told you it would be a red.”

Croupier.—“Make your game, gentlemen, the colour’s black.”

Captain, coming from the glass.—“Will you let me win a coup, you thieves?—Forty pounds red.”

Croupier.—“Seven, five—red wins.”

Captain.—“What a sweet game!” taking out

his snuff-box, and offering it to a by-stander, "take a pinch of snuff, sir. Really, this is delightful."

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red."

Captain.—"Thirty pounds black."

Croupier.—"Six, eight—red loses."

Captain.—"Pray take a pinch of snuff, sir; really, I never saw so beautiful a game in all my life," going to the glass, and rubbing his hands. "Oh, you lucky fellow! D—n it, how handsome you are looking to-night."

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black."

Captain, coming from the glass, all gentleness. —"Thirty pounds red, sir."

Croupier.—"One, four—red loses."

Captain, biting his lip.—"How cursed unfortunate!"

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red."

Captain.—"Fifty pounds red. Let me see if I can win for once."

Croupier.—"Eight, forty—red loses."

Captain, going to the glass, his features writhing in agony.—"You egregious fool! I told you you would lose. Didn't I tell you it would be a black?"

Croupier.—"Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red."

Captain, coming from the glass.—"Stop, I say, you d—d thief. One hundred pounds red."

Croupier.—"One, three—red loses."

Captain, stamping every step to the glass.—"Oh, my God! my God! my God! Are you

not a villain? are you not going headlong to destruction, sir? Why do you play, you d—d fool you?"

Croupier, scarcely able to restrain his laughter. — "Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black."

Captain, coming from the glass. — "Stop, I say; you thundering knaves—you cheats! one hundred pounds red."

By-stander. — "Allow me, sir, a pinch of snuff?"

Captain. — "I'll see you d—d first, sir. Do you think I buy snuff to supply the whole parish?"

Croupier, amid a roar of laughter. — "Silence, gentlemen, if you please. The game is made. One, four—red loses."

Captain. — "Oh, you d—d thundering thieves! you cheating vagabonds!" going up to the glass, and striking his head with his hand, "arn't you a villain? didn't I tell you you would lose all your money?" grinning at himself horribly. "You consummate blockhead! you've undone yourself."

The captain lost three or four more "coups" against a continued run of blacks, and was completely cleaned out. His rage then knew no bounds. He broke the hand-rakes, threatened violence to the people of the house, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation. At length, he approached the door, and, turning round, exclaimed, "You d—nation villains, I wish I had you on board my ship, I'd have you all rammed into one of my stern-chasers, and I'd blow you all to hell, and be d—d to you." The captain then flew out of the house like a madman;

foaming at the mouth, leaving the play-room convulsed with laughter.

On a subsequent occasion, Captain —— was losing heavily. He had down upon the black, for one "coup," one hundred pounds. It came "one," he fondly expected to win; "one," "après," destroyed his hopes. He backed it out with seventy pounds, all he had left. The "coup" came off "three, two—red wins." He raved and tore about the room, swearing most bitterly. One of the hellites wanted to quiet him. He said, "Pray, sir, don't make such a noise, you only lost by a 'pip.'"—"A pip, you land lubber!" retorted the captain, clenching both his fists and grinning wildly, "I wish you may all die of the 'pip,' and be d—d to you all, you worse than highway-men;" and then instantly strided out of the room.

The following narrative is, at once, descriptive of the fatal delusion which afflicts the minds of all players to their ruin, and of the total heartlessness of the knaves who encourage it to their own enrichment.

Mr. C—— served in Spain during the whole of the Peninsula war; he held there a station of great trust, which he filled with honour to himself, and advantage to the service. When peace crowned the unparalleled efforts of the British nation, he returned to England with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, part his own patrimony, and part savings from his pay. He placed it in the Bank of England, and thence derived a genteel independence. In the year 1817, he married an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful woman,

with whom he obtained five thousand pounds, which were added to the other sum in the Bank. He immediately took a suitable house, a short distance from London, where they lived for some time in unmingled happiness, blessing each other with mutual kindness and endearments. Under these good auspices, two years quickly rolled away, during which period they had two fine and healthy pledges of their love. Alike in temper, each new day gave fresh proofs that their hopes and joys were made up in one another, till a fatal occurrence vitally blighted their best prospects, and plunged their house of nuptial comforts and bliss into one of sorrow and want. Mr. C—— had the ill-fortune to meet, by accident, in Bond-street, an old brother officer, who lured him to one of those houses of robbery in St. James's-street, y'clept "hells," when its meretricious excitements insatuated his mind with all their desolating consequences, and he became, at least in conduct, a completely altered man. The relation of their hapless misfortunes, from this time, will appear with more interest in the language of Mr. C——'s lady, who bore the direst misery, by her husband's unpardonable misconduct, with more than Roman fortitude and virtue.

"Henry had visited the gaming-houses more than three months, without my having the slightest notion so dreadful a calamity had befallen us, though I had felt extremely uneasy at his coming home all hours of the night. I had also noticed him thoughtful and unsettled, and that he carried about his person more money than common. At length, I came to the knowledge of the fatal truth.

One morning I saw him count upwards of one thousand pounds in notes, put them into his pocket-book, and shortly after leave home. He did not return till four o'clock next morning. I got up at ten, when I found my milliner waiting to crave the payment of a bill of forty-seven pounds, as it would assist her. I had not quite so much; I went to get it of Henry, I found him asleep; not liking to wake him, I took out his pocket-book which proved empty. I searched his pockets, and found only three half-pence, and some cards headed R. N. with little holes pricked in them, which I have learnt, subsequently, were 'rouge et noir' marking cards, on which he had traced the progress of the game. The fact of Henry's gambling instantly flashed upon my mind; 'Surely,' I exclaimed, in great agony, 'Henry gambles,' and I sunk into a chair overcome with my feelings. The noise awoke him, when seeing that I was pale, and much agitated, he inquired the matter. I could not muster up courage to hint my suspicions, but I asked 'what he had done with the money he had yesterday;' he replied, with ill-concealed confusion, that 'he had lent it to a friend.' I was now fully convinced. For the first time in my life, a creditor had to leave my door unsatisfied; but, alas! it was only a forerunner of repeated instances of the same kind, and of still deeper degradation. In spite of my tears and entreaties, he continued the horrid pursuit. In a few months he had sold out all our money in the Bank, which soon vanished. About this period, I gave birth to a third child, a boy, which, on account of the dreadful state of mind I had been

in, and the many sleepless nights I had passed, was a very weak and sickly babe. Though Henry's fortune was now gone, the vile propensity still clung to him with unabated fury. All the money he could get together, he took, and lost in like manner. Sometimes he won a trifle, but which did him more harm than good, for he was sure to go back and lose every penny again; besides these spurts of luck, as they are called, only served to still farther enthrall and deceive his mind. Our difficulties and miseries multiplied. All credit with the tradespeople ceased. From time to time, Henry parted with his gold ornaments, and then disposed of mine. The household plate, furniture, and linen then went; next, by degrees, our wardrobe. We parted with our domestics to one, and I then was forced, in a very delicate state of health, to suckle the last boy myself. Whatever sum he got, he seldom left any at home. He has often gone out with plenty of money, leaving dinner unprovided, and has returned penniless, bringing in his pockets a few biscuits supplied by the house, *gratis!* where he had lost his money, off which I have often had to make a meal. At last, our resources were completely exhausted, and we had not proper food or clothing. No language can describe the excess of my misery at this time; I was again far gone in the family way, which gave me more than usual pain, and my breasts were ceasing to afford milk to my poor little boy. Who can tell a mother's pangs at so dreadful a circumstance. The food I ought to have taken myself, I frequently put on one side to divide between the children and servant

at another meal. I was ashamed to make my condition known to any one; besides, all our friends had forsaken us, but the noble-hearted Mr. M——. He was a bosom friend of Henry's, and from the moment of our marriage, to within a short period, had been a constant visiter. He called one day, just after I had sent a small article out to pawn, (to that I was reduced) to buy food, when he was quite shocked at the misery around. Every thing was the reverse of what he had been accustomed to see. He made no inquiry, but seized a pen from the inkstand near him, and, with a trembling hand, wrote a check for fifty pounds; he instantly arose, pressed my hand, left in it the check, and exclaimed with deep emotion, while tears gushed from his eyes, 'Oh, Maria! Henry I have long suspected treats you ill,' and he hastily left the house. Unaccustomed as I now was to any kindness from the world, or from Henry, and worn down with grief and anxiety, this act of feeling generosity quite overpowered me, and I burst into a torrent of tears. While in this state, Henry came home. He wept too at the goodness of his friend. He hastened to town to get the check cashed, strictly promising to bring the money home to me. He returned quite heart-broken; 'Maria,' he said, 'keep the poor children and servant from my sight: pray don't upbraid me, for I am quite distracted. To save the trouble of going to Coutt's, I changed the check at a gaming-house. I was induced to play,—you can guess the result,—I have not a penny left. When I had lost all, with agonized feelings, I thought of home; I asked the proprietor of the house to lend me five

pounds,—even one pound,—to take home, actually stating the condition of my poor family; the wretches refused me; oh, God! I could have torn them to pieces.’ This blow was the severest of any. It was enough to wean me from Henry forever, but I still tenderly loved him; I felt that our miseries sprang from the errors of the head, and not of the heart, for that was kind and gentle. However, this I thought the best time, or never, to make an impression upon him, and to endeavour to shake the propensity that had involved us in such bitter distress. ‘Look, Henry,’ I said, ‘at your two eldest children, once so plump and blooming, are now wan and pinched in, and they, poor things, are crying out with hunger; then look at the dear innocent in my arms, sickly and weak, in consequence of its mother’s troubles during its quickening, wanting milk, which my breasts have not. Now cast your eyes upwards and look at me; my cheeks pallid and thin,—then view my bosom, once jutting with infant nurture, is now sterile and withered by want of proper nourishment,—that bosom whose joys, you used to say, were yours, is now a prey to despair and wretchedness; if all this don’t move you, see what an altered object you are yourself; look at your portrait hanging at your back, taken when we were happy, and then view yourself in the glass. When you have duly weighed these things, contrast your conduct at the former period with what it has recently been, and you will no longer be at a loss how to attribute the change.’ ‘For Heaven’s sake, Maria,’ he replied, ‘say no more, I see it all, I will never gamble again.’ For some weeks he

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kept his word, but I found, by his irregular and late hours, that he had been induced to visit them again, when, consequently, our distresses increased. In the midst of them, I was compelled to keep my bed, expecting to lay-in every hour. M—— came and paid a visit to my bedside; he was deeply concerned. He took out his purse, and put down upon the counterpane a twenty pound note; as usual, after affectionately pressing my hand, which he bedewed with tears, he abruptly left. Henry, on his arrival, slunk away, but when he went, he returned. I had no alternative, he had the note to change; I could not doubt, considering the state I was in, which required every necessary, but that he would bring back the money,—it went like the rest. Thus it would appear, that the best of men had changed to a brute. When I learnt it, I thought my heart would break; I fainted under weakness and woe, and in that state of insensibility, I was put to bed of a still-born child. When I came to a sense of the circumstance, my heart was rent with the keenest anguish. I remained for a long time in great danger; indeed, I must have died under the accumulation of mental and bodily suffering, but for the skill of Dr. S——, and the great kindness of M——, who daily called, and supplied the means to obtain for me every comfort. When Henry saw his dead child, he was stung to the heart. He raved, tore his hair, and, with a voice smothered with inward agony, vowed over the lifeless innocent, never to enter a house of play again; and he has kept his word. Through the goodness of M——, he obtained, shortly afterwards, a situa-

then under government, and though we do not live in our former affluence, we are in comfortable and easy circumstances. Henry's conduct to me, and to his children, is exemplary in the extreme; he endeavours, by every show of kindness and attention, to assuage and efface the sorrows of the past, and my mind is regaining its usual serenity. Henry has acquired his good and robust appearance; the dear children" (on whom she glanced, as they were playing around her, a look of maternal fondness and delight,) "have their plump and ruddy cheeks; and I am fast recovering my health, and am beginning to feel happy again."

It is very rare indeed, that such an issue as this ever attends visitors to these horrid places, for themselves and families are, generally, plunged into a state of complete and irretrievable destitution. The appearance of the amiable narrator, all the while she was unfolding this tale of woe, was peculiarly interesting and imposing. The dreadful and trying ordeal she had passed through, had given to her voice and features a plaintive melancholy very touching. During the relation of her troubles, (which were yet green upon the mind) her bosom swelled with rending sighs, and the big tears started from her lids, which, together with her tone and manner, were calculated to make an impression never to be effaced.

This affecting story awakened a deep feeling of sympathy in the hearts of Sir Walter's noble auditors. The baronet evinced in reading it, a very strong emotion. He had got too far committed

in the tale, ere he was aware to whom it referred, to pass it over ; which he, otherwise, would have felt inclined to have done, because he himself figured somewhat conspicuously in it. The initial " M." which was only pronounced, would not, of itself, have identified Sir Walter Mortimer, as the friend to the great suffering, and deeply interesting Mrs. C——, but his peculiar manner, too distinctly showed that he was very much affected by his recital, which, all his endeavours to conceal, were unavailing, and left no room to doubt it.

Lady Eliza was the first, who was more immediately impressed with the fact, and her ladyship, in consequence, listened to the melancholy details with the most lively concern. She glanced a look of tenderness towards the baronet at different touching passages, with a tear of sensibility trembling into existence, in the corner of her radiant eye.

A silence prevailed of considerable duration, which, at length, was broken by the noble marquis, observing, that those anecdotes, no doubt, were but counterparts of many others that arose from so contemptible and wretched a source. " I will not," continued the noble lord, " make farther comment upon a subject, which must fill every feeling mind with indignation and abhorrence."

" We are thinking," said the Marchioness of Meadowdale, " of quitting this spot, in a very few days, for Upland Castle. Will you be ready, Sir Walter, to form part of our escort ?"

" Perfectly so, Lady Meadowdale, and at a moment's notice," replied the baronet.

Some lively airs, played by Lady Eliza on the

harp, which had been sent from town, concluded the amusements of the evening.

The baronet, soon after, retired to the Well-house, to enjoy a very sound night's rest, which was not the less refreshing, because it was visited with dreams of happiness, wherein the image of Lady Eliza fluttered upon the scene, like sweet Hope, in her most fantastic forms, cheering the hearts of her devoted children of sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

THE following day the Marchioness of Meadowdale received an early visit from Mrs. Willoughby Portland, a lady of great worth, who was staying at the Well-house, with her husband, Mr. Charles Edward Willoughby Portland, and his maiden sister. This lady, was herself the bearer of cards of invitation to the family of Meadowdale to a "quadrille" party, which the Portlands intended giving on the ensuing Tuesday evening. Mrs. Portland's presenting the cards herself, was not only an evincement of her high respect for the noble family she wished, particularly, should form part of their guests, but was also expressive of a desire to make a complimentary return for the last visit they had paid to Portman Square.

"I am afraid, my dear Mrs. Portland," said the Marchioness of Meadowdale, "that we cannot avail ourselves of your very great kindness, for that is the day we have fixed upon, for leaving this for Wales."

"Oh! now pray, Lady Meadowdale," implored Mrs. Portland, "defer your departure till the next day; I see by the looks of Lady Eliza and Lord Upland, that I have advocates in them, that you should do us so much honour. We have a great inducement besides to urge. One of those wandering minstrels, who, at this season of the year, come to these parts from Wales, and the country

to the North, has been delighting the inhabitants of the Well-house, with his excellent playing upon the harp-guitar, which he has occasionally sung to. We have engaged the young minstrel for the evening, and I have no hesitation in prognosticating that you will be much pleased with his performance."

If the question had rested with Lady Meadowdale and her son and daughter, the point would have been yielded at once, for they were immediately convinced, that the wandering minstrel was the musician they had heard concealed among the bushes, about whom their curiosity had been much excited.

Upon the noble marquis entering the room to pay his compliments to Mrs. Portland, for whom he had a very great esteem, Lady Meadowdale said, "well, now, my dear Mrs. Portland, you can urge your persuasive eloquence with my dear lord, —the fountain head; and, if our wishes, joined with your flattering invitation, will avail, they are well inclined to accede to it."

"Well then," said the marquis, approaching his amiable lady with a good humoured smile, "I will agree to the conditions at once, though totally ignorant of their nature; but any thing that will give my dear lady Meadowdale, and my darling children pleasure," casting a look upon them of intense parental fondness, "can but be impulsive to my own, and therefore, my dear madam, whatever your request may be, it is granted."

This being settled, and while the beautiful scenery around was being dilated upon, some fruit and wine were brought into the room. Sir Walter

Mortimer at this moment arrived. He knew Mrs. Portland, by occasionally meeting her in the long room of the Well house. A more particular introduction now took place.

"I am much pleased, sir," said Mrs. Portland, with a smile of familiarity, "that I have the opportunity of expressing a hope that you will do us the honour of joining our 'quadrille' party on Tuesday, with our mutual friends. We should have done ourselves the pleasure of sending you a card, but really you are so seldom seen at the Well-house, we did not know whether you were in this neighbourhood or not. You shall have a card in the morning, and I hope you will excuse the irregular manner of the invitation."

"I beg, madam, you will not take so much trouble," said the baronet; "I shall be too happy to be of the party. The friendly manner of the invitation, requires no farther impetus to the remembrance of it."

The purport of Mrs. Portland's visit thus being answered, she shortly after went away.

In the evening, the baronet concluded Sketch No. 7.

At one time, the gaming-houses were filled with broken players, a great many, officers on half-pay. Some portion having not kept their payments up at their lodgings, had none to go to, but depended upon what they might pick up about the tables, to pay for a bed at some tavern. When persons are not engaged in play, they will group together and thus form a variety of intimacies.

One officer on half-pay had lodgings in West-

minster, and going to Twickenham for a night, he offered the key of the door to Lieutenant B——, also on half-pay, that he might occupy his bed and save the two shillings, which he generally paid a night at a tavern for one. At about one o'clock in the night, at an English hazard house, in Jermyn Street, Lieutenant B—— met about eight or nine houseless players,—a sort of “how d’ye do” acquaintances. They talked about the events of the day, and knowing each other’s unhappy condition, they did not scruple to announce to one another the difficulty they were in,—that they had no bed to go to or money to pay for one. Lieutenant B—— offered to take them all with him to his friend’s lodgings, which was gladly accepted by them, they knowing that friend also. In the morning, the owner of the lodgings came home sooner than was expected, and found three fellows occupying his bed and six lying upon the carpet in the sitting room, like so many soldiers in a guard-room. He pitied their condition, and therefore put a good face upon the matter. He invited them all to stay breakfast, but there being no money in the house, one was despatched to the pawnbroker’s with a pair of black trowsers, and returned with ten shillings lent upon them. Tea, sugar, bread, butter, rump steaks, and mutton-chops, were instantly sent for. Hunger caused them to relish the repast. When the steaks and mutton-chops were placed upon the table “piping hot,” one nearest the dishes, who had been in the navy, amusingly said, “up with your trenchers, boys, in pudding time.”

Two half-pay officers, one named H. A. B——, names of which he was so particularly proud, that he would often, especially when a little "groggy," pronounce them at full; and the other named, G. A——, met at a bell in Pall Mall, and, in conversation, told each other that they were afraid of being arrested. They agreed to exchange keys of lodgings. H. A. B——, after a visit to the cyder cellar, went to his friend's lodgings, reeling drunk, a state not unusual with him. He was disturbed at an early hour, before he was well sober, by the unceremonious entrance of a bailiff, into the bed-room. "So Mr. A——," said the *bun*, addressing H. A. B——, "I've caught you at last; come, get up, I have a writ out against you."—"I'm d—d if I do," replied H. A. B——. "Come, come," added the bailiff, "I must do my duty, I should be *very* sorry to be rude, you and I, Mr. A——, have known each other before."—"You go to hell, sir," retorted the other, raising himself up in the bed, "and let me go to sleep, my name is not A——, my name is Henry Alphonso B——, of the —th Dragoon Guards."—"Oh! indeed," said the officer, taking out his case of writs, "I've also a writ out against you, so get up, Mr. Henry Alphonso B——, I've been looking for you these three weeks."

Lieutenant B—— once went to a strange boot-maker, and ordered several pairs of boots and shoes. The son of Crispin wanted a reference. The request was rather awkward, for the lieutenant losing his half-pay as immediate as he received it, and whatever money he got besides,

knew he could not give a satisfactory one. He desired the articles to be made, and a bill of them to be brought at the same time, saying, that "his pay was as good as the Bank of England's." The period was, when the circulating medium was in Bank of England notes. The "gravel teasers" were made, and brought to his lodgings in Bury Street, as desired. The boot-maker was ushered into the drawing-room, with the bag of boots and shoes in one hand, and a bill and receipt in the other. "What's that you've got in the right hand?" said Lieutenant B——; "a bill and receipt, sir, for the goods," said the son of Crispin. "O, I can't pay you now for them," said the lieutenant, "but my name is Henry Alphonso B——, of the Dragoon Guards; I receive my pay in a month, and you must take my promissory note for that period." "I can't do that," said the boot-maker, "I expected ready money, and you said 'your pay was as good as the Bank of England's.'" "So it is," added the lieutenant, "and you take my promissory note and you'll find it is so." The boot-maker, with a little farther scruple, was induced to leave the boots, and take the promissory note. When it became due, it was not paid; the boot-maker waited upon the lieutenant with the note for payment. "You must take another for a month, I have no *cash* yet," said the lieutenant. "This is not treating me well, sir; you said 'your pay was as good as the Bank of England's.'" said the boot-maker. "So it is," added the lieutenant; "take the second note, 'I promise to pay,' and when you demand payment for that, I'll give you another; the Bank of England don't do more."

Major ———, about eight years ago, commanded home from India, the — regiment of foot, the colonel having died in that country. He had eleven thousand pounds in India bonds; these, in consequence of play, at No. 5, King Street, were soon converted into English money, and lost. He then sold his commission and lost also the purchase money. He always had a great predilection for grog; at the gaming-house, after dinner, when the money could flow as freely as the liquor, "more brandy and water" was the order of the day, and he has often given the waiter a five pound note for serving it. The nervous pouting of the under lip, always intimated the state of intoxication he daily got into. While thus, he never knew when he won or lost, and many unprincipled players have often claimed his money upon the table for their own. However, if this had not been the case, the result would have been all the same. The poor major, at length, fell into complete decay, and with innumerable others in the like condition, was shut out of the houses. He was a man of great talent, speaking fluently many languages; but his horrid propensity for drink, and his severe misfortunes, have completely impaired his intellects. "More gin," is now the order of the day, and he is drunk upon it from morning to night. At the instigation of two others, who reaped the greatest advantage by the transaction, he indicted Crockford, and compromised the indictment for five hundred pounds. It is stated, that the major was drunk from the moment of changing the first shilling, till he had not one left to change. His brother married the widow of a much lamented Prime Minister, and, no doubt, would exercise his influence

in the major's behalf, but he finds, it is supposed, that it would be of no avail. The poor major exhibits in his person, a glaring and melancholy instance, of a man of many advantages falling into ruins, incapable of withstanding the cruel blast of "hell," which has also laid many a better man even, low and desolate.

When the *juniper* has put the hapless major's brain into a state of distillation, he will often exclaim, pouting his nether lip, "my misfortunes are peculiarly my own." So they are, major, and they should remain to yourself; but the record of them may not be without its advantage.

There is a certain little Jew, who says he has lost to the houses near a hundred thousand pounds. He may have lost half that sum, but the money was his father's, whose name he forged, from time to time, till he did not leave his aged parent a shilling; who, rather than recover the money by the ignominious death of his son, took refuge in a work-house, where his hapless misfortunes and life, soon after, closed for ever.

Mr. A——, a diamond merchant, has lost very considerable sums indeed, both in London and Paris. He had the extreme weakness to go one night to No. 7, Bury Street, and lose twenty-three hundred pounds against a bank of only two hundred. He commenced playing twenty pound stakes, the limit allowed. As he lost, he got some by-standers to put down a stake or two besides. Continuing to lose, he asked the bankers to allow him to play fifty pound stakes; this was granted.

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He still lost. He then asked to play one hundred pound stakes; the bankers counselled together, when they agreed to take from the table the two hundred pounds bank, and also one hundred pounds winnings, ("we will be winners, at all events," said one of the worthies,) and then they told him, he might play what stakes he liked to the amount left in the bank. He thus played against his own money. Though he varied the amount of his stakes, his bad fortune, "true as the needle to the north," stuck by him; he lost all he had—three-and-twenty hundred pounds. His repeated losses, at length, threw him into embarrassments, and he became a bankrupt. At the instigation of his creditors, actions were brought against the keepers of the different gaming-houses, and about five thousand pounds only, recovered out of his immense losses.

Two gentlemen, who had just come to town, were allured to the gaming-house in St. James's Square. They both lost all their money. In the morning, each had purchased a handsome great coat, paying twelve pounds for it. One, upon losing his money, wanted to borrow of the bankers ten pounds, which was refused. He sold his new coat to one of them (O.) for a five pound note. A few days after, the other coat found its way to "my rack." Some short time after, the two friends were passing the pawnbroker's in the Strand, where it was pawned, when the house was on fire and nearly burnt to the ground. "Our coats have nearly met with the same fate," ex-

claimed one; "your's was lost in 'hell,' and mine is consumed with fire as hot as 'hell.'"

The English hazard hells are frequented, for the most part, by the refuse of the other "hells," and the most abandoned characters. Scenes of a lost and disgusting nature are constantly taking place at them. The relation of one or so, will suffice to show the kind of a great many more. A person, of the appearance of a gentleman, was at four o'clock in the morning, at one of these horrid sinks of iniquity and wretchedness, completely cleaned out. He then took a gold ring from his finger, sold it for sixteen shillings and soon lost the money. He produced a snuff box, disposed of it for thirty shillings, which likewise went. He took a handsome India silk handkerchief out of his pocket, and staked it against five shillings, which shared the fate of the rest. A valuable black silk neckerchief was in like manner staked and lost. He then wanted to play his coat, but the keeper of the table now interfered and made him go away.

Another person, similarly infatuated, actually staked the shirt off his back, against ten shillings, and lost it.

The revolting language and brutal outrages of such places, are quite proverbial. Alike in practice, so are they in language, with the common thieves of the metropolis. The most barefaced robberies are every moment being committed at these places, against which the desperate bullies and sharpers around, prevent a man from seeking

the least redress. Thurtell and his companions were constant visitors at them.

There were no less than nine constant players of one of these dens, in White-cross Street prison at one and the same time.

It has been mentioned, that in consequence of so vast a number of ruined men thronging to the different gaming-houses, the keepers locked out a great many. Some of these, then turned the tables upon them, and indicted a few of them for keeping common gaming-houses. Hence the conviction of Bennett Oldfield, Phillips, Rogier, Carlos, Humphries, Fielder, Taylor, and some few more. All these persons, (with the exception of Phillips, who pleaded illness for not coming up to receive judgment, and is since dead,) were sentenced to fines and certain terms of imprisonment. The full terms of imprisonment have been served, and the parties are now at liberty, though but few of the fines have been paid. One, it is said, was remitted by the influence of a certain nobleman, a near relative of whom owed the party a gambling debt of fifteen hundred pounds, which was given up, as a consideration for his exciting such interference.

All indictments now are compromised, upon the best terms to which they can bring their ruined victim. When a man is completely undone and in distress, he will ask for the loan of a few pounds. A pound or two are granted. If he, feeling dissatisfied, threatens a prosecution, one of the 'croupiers' will see him. This man will ex-

press the deep concern of the people of the house at his situation, and the ill luck that had recently attended the bank, which prevents their doing much for him; that they would not do any thing at all, if they supposed him sincere in his threats of indictment, about which he might do his worst. Such conversation generally takes place at a tavern, and the ruined man is treated to a bottle of wine and refreshment. He will then be told, that this proprietor or the other, is the best-hearted man in the world, and at any time will befriend him. The ruined man, believing such professions, will declare, that he did not intend to indict them at all. "Well," the croupier will add, "I said you were too good a fellow for any thing of that kind, and I dare say, if you will write to that effect, I shall manage to get a few pounds for you."

For some paltry consideration they obtain from their victims a document of the following nature, which they term a release :*

"In consideration of the sum of _____ to me this day paid by _____, I do hereby undertake, promise, and engage, not at any time hereafter to bring or prosecute any bill or bills of indictment, information, summons, or any other proceeding or proceedings at law whatsoever, against the said _____, any or either of them, hereby acknowledging that I have not, nor ever had, any claim or demand whatever against them,

* The original document, in the handwriting of one of the party, who was to be included in this release, is now in the possession of the author.

any or either of them, jointly or severally, for or on account of any matter, cause, or pretence whatsoever. As witness my hand this day of , 182 .
 " Witness ."

Though such a document as this, in a court of justice, would not be worth so much as the paper on which it is written, yet it operates with most persons as a bar to all proceedings whatever, from the fear of a public display of it.

Those who have proved the most obnoxious to the gaming houses with indictments, were a party of about eight "excludeds," humorously styled "the Irish brigade," on account of the party being composed mostly of Irishmen, and acting generally conjointly. They carried on a system of warfare against the houses, which annoyed and harassed them dreadfully.

There is no wish by the following anecdote to cover with more odium than is deserved, a person who expiated his crimes down at Hertford, though, in the opinion of most, it is impossible to add to the horror in which the character of that wretch is universally held. At the time the "Irish brigade" were very active in harassing the houses, Thurtell made an offer to *remove them out of the way* at fifty pounds a head, and *put them beyond the reach of all farther annoyance*. He proposed, that four hundred pounds, (taking their number to be eight,) should be put into the hands of some banker, subject to the performances of the undertaking. However preposterous and dreadful the

proposition was, it is an undeniable fact, that it was made to the keepers of a certain gaming-house, but who, "to give the devil his due," did not agree to it.

A young gentleman, named S., of great talent and of considerable promise, a few years ago held a very responsible situation in an eminent merchant's counting-house in the city. One of his west-end acquaintance took him one evening, by way of "killing an hour," to a hell in St. James's Square. The mania for play immediately took full possession of him. Soon after, he went the regular round of all of them;—St. James's Square, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Bennett Street, one after the other. The mal-appropriation of his master's money, to the extent of full three thousand pounds, lost him his situation, and all his fair hopes were blasted for ever. The falling-off of his money caused him soon to be shut out of those denominated the great houses. He then took the run of the small ones. At one of these hells he got acquainted with a person connected with the passing of forged notes. He was induced by his distresses, and the representation that "the gaming-house keepers could not notice it, in the event of detection," to take a few and play them at the houses. This he did till the notoriety of the act caused him to be shut out of all of them. Thus cast upon the world, without a friend or a single stay, he commenced passing bad notes with tradesmen, &c. This career was short; he was detected, apprehended, tried, and executed, under a feigned name.

It has been considered by many players, that as the hells had the best of them, it was but fair play to endeavour to get the *pull*, if possible, in their own favour. Some of the hells, therefore, have had a variety of schemes put in practice against them. The most prominent was at No. 40 Pall Mall.

Mr. C——, when a clerk in the Treasury, (he is now a croupier in a low gaming-house,) was a daily and a nightly player at No. 71 Pall Mall, No. 10 St. James's Square, and No. 9 Bennett Street. Mr. C—— was a great calculator, if the different games he hit upon to play at "rouge et noir," upon which he always thought he should win, till his losses told him he was sure to lose upon all alike, can give him that character. His peculations of the public money obliged him, for a time, to go into obscurity. When he emerged from it, he came about the houses a perfect "Guy Fawkes;" his face was stained with walnut juice, and he wore a high French collar up to his cheek bone, which slanted down his cheeks, and just skirted the corners of his mouth. Then a large black wig, false whiskers, and darkened eyebrows, completed his disguise. By the assistance of a friend, who was to share in the thing, he obtained three one hundred pound notes, and three one pound notes. He ingeniously cut the impression "one hundred" from the corner of each high note, and a piece to correspond out of each of the low notes, and pasted the pieces impressed "one hundred" upon the one pound notes. The notes were folded into four, with their faces out-

side. Thus prepared, he went one morning up to No. 40 P. M. kept by Rougier, where five shillings to one hundred pound stakes were played. Mr. C—— took his seat and commenced playing small stakes; at length, thinking he was sure of the next "coup," he put down one of the fabricated one hundred pound notes; the colour lost on which he put it. The croupier drew the note with others, and placed it upon the other notes of one hundred pounds. Rougier was overlooking the table, and observed the stake of one hundred pounds which Mr. C—— played, and thought that there must be something wrong, as it was a heavier stake than he supposed Mr. C—— could afford to play, though the time had been, when Mr. C—— had lost a thousand pounds of a morning. Mr. Rougier took ten ten-pound notes from his pocket-book, and asked the croupier to give a hundred pound for them, well knowing that he would give him the first, the identical one Mr. C—— had lost. He took the note on one side, examined it, and immediately detected the forgery. He called Mr. C—— into the front room, and challenged him with it; Mr. C—— fell upon his knees, craved the return of the note, and implored secrecy. Secrecy was promised; but the transaction was known at all the houses the same evening. Good notes were subsequently obtained of the Bank of England for the mutilated ones, it being stated, that they were torn by mistake.

Mr. C——, on a subsequent occasion, was playing at No. 6 Bury-street. The unfortunate young Hayward, who was soon after executed at

the Old Bailey for house breaking, was there that evening. Mr. C—— asked if any one would bank five pounds with him, and let him play. Hayward accepted the offer, and gave him some forged notes. Mr. C——, in the course of a few *coups*, lost one of the bad notes. Reid, the dealer, than whom there is not a better judge of forged notes, knew at once it was bad, and put it apart from the others he drew in. Presently, another bad note was lost, when the dealer said, "Now, Mr. C——, this is the second bad note you've played. I took no notice of the first, thinking, that it might come into your hands by chance; but this second one convinces me that it was played by design." Mr. C—— declared his ignorance, and pointed out Hayward, who was standing at his back, as the person from whom he received them, and with whom he was banking. Hayward was then recognised as having passed a great many forged notes at different other hells, and all he could say for himself was, that he had just received them in change for a twenty pound note.

Mr. C—— declared, when Hayward had left the house, that he was convinced he knew they were forged, for, added he, "I was playing at Fielder's one night, when Hayward was there, and particularly admired a diamond ring which I had on my finger. He took such a fancy to it, I sold it to him for twenty pounds, which he paid me in notes, to the amount of ten pounds good, and ten bad."

Captain ——, late of the Life Guards, was in the habit of playing daily at No. 9, Bennett street,

and coming in his regimentals. It had been observed by one of the dealers, that the captain always played upon the colour nearest to him, whether black or red, and that when that colour lost, he only drew a two one-pound stake, and when it won, he had to pay seven pounds to five and two one-pound stake. He communicated his suspicions to Fielder, the proprietor, who, on the captain's next coming, narrowly watched him. It is a usual practice with players to put the face of the note downwards upon the table. The captain lost a stake, the bank drew two one-pound notes. The captain won the next, and turned the notes up to be paid. There were two one's, and a five at the bottom. A look passed between the keeper and the dealer. The seven pound stake was paid, without observation, and a closer watch kept, to ascertain how the trick was done. The captain won another coup, and turned the notes up as before. The stake was likewise the same. The cheat was effected by a five pound note being kept in the palm of the hand, which, upon turning up the two ones, was adroitly slipped underneath, and thus made it a seven pound stake. The five pound note was examined, and the creases from the press of the hand left no doubt of the fact. The captain was covered with shame and confusion, and received a torrent of the lowest abuse, in spite of his long sword and regimentals.

A more ingenious device than that was a long time practised with impunity. Each player has a hand rake to draw his money from, or put his money upon the colour beyond the reach of his

hand. A person took one of these rakes away, had another made exactly to correspond, to screw and unscrew, for the pocket. At the end he had a slit just sufficient to hold a note, with a small spring concealed at the top to keep it in. By knocking the rake gently upon the table, the spring would give way, and out would fall the note. It was thus effected :—The end of the rake contained a note for a large sum. The person put down a stake upon either colour, consisting of a few low notes. When it won, the rake was used as if to separate the notes for counting, in doing which, the spring would give way, and the note would mingle unperceived among the rest. This was only found out by the rake "hanging fire," and not shooting the note fairly out, in consequence of the spring getting out of order.

A rake similarly constructed to hold a sovereign, has more recently been used. To work this, silver was put down in a lump. When it won, the rake was used as if to count the amount of the stake, and out would pop the sovereign among the silver. It was some time before this trick was detected.

Another mode has been practised with success. A piece of very fine horse hair was attached to a note of value. The person would sit at the end of the table, as far from the croupier as possible. The large note with horse hair, would be staked with notes for small amounts, and placed upon the top of them. If the colour won on which it was, it was allowed to remain to be paid to, but if it lost, it was pulled under the table by the horse

hair, and would thus disappear in a moment. The busy scene of a *rouge* table prevented the cheat being early noticed.

A young fellow from Ireland, of good family, had lost very considerable at various houses, and had, in consequence, to encounter many severe privations. He received a remittance from Ireland. He went up to the "one hundred pound houses," and carelessly threw a one hundred pound note on the table. If it won, it was all very well, but if it lost, he would snatch it up, and leave the house. This act was soon known throughout the houses, and afterwards he was refused admittance to all of them.

Another person went one morning to No. 10, King Street, where they played only thirty pound stakes. He put a twenty pound note upon black. It lost. He snatched the note from the table with his left hand, while, with the right, he flourished a long pen knife, threatening, with bitter imprecations, that he would plunge it into any one, who attempted to molest him in his way out of the house. His features were phrenzied and demoniacal, and flushed with a ghastly hue.

The constant excitement of such places, stir up and mature the vilest and basest passions, of which the human mind is susceptible.

In France, where the gaming houses are protected by government !!! any offence against them is taken cognizance of by the tribunals, as if committed against private individuals. Therefore,

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such lamentable instances of the demoralizing effects of such places, are seldom known at them, though others, of infinite variety, are sensibly felt in private life.

One, however occurred, marked with a great degree of *sang froid*. A well dressed man, a native, went to No. 154, *Palais Royale*, where they play from five francs to twelve thousand, (about five hundred pounds English.) He threw a purse, containing that amount, consisting of *des louis*, and *billets de bank*, upon the colour nearest the windows. The colour lost on which it was thrown. He snatched it up, as if in a great rage, and with a few *sacrés*, threw another purse, corresponding in appearance, out of the window, into the *jardin*, and deposited, unperceived, the rich filled purse, safely in his pocket. The other was fetched. It contained a few francs, and two or three *louis* wrapped up in paper.

There is a small gaming house in Bury Street, which has, for a cloak, the name of Golding, Coal Merchant, on a brass plate upon the street door. The croupiers at this hell induce persons, who don't like to appear themselves, to put down a bank, upon which they make their harvest, there being little or no play at it to support the expenses. They receive their wages weekly, and occasionally deal away a few pounds to a friend in the secret, which is then divided between them. The cards are packed for such purpose. The same was practised with great success, at No. 35, (now a private dwelling,) in Pall Mall.

The Morning Herald contained the following particulars of that hell.

"ANOTHER BANK STOPPED PAYMENT.

"The rouge et noir bank, No. 35, Pall Mall, suspended business yesterday. This is the second failure of that queer concern. However, there is great satisfaction to know that failures of such disreputable establishments are not attended with those ruinous consequences to their customers, as the failures of another description of banks; but, on the contrary, they must be advantaged by them. There are many rumours afloat respecting the cause. Some say the cards were packed to bring off sure "coups." Money was advanced to persons in the secret to play for their coming off; when a sum equal to the stakes down, upon the winning colour, was paid, which was subsequently shared by the croupiers, the managers of the whole plan; thus the bank was ruined. By others it is alleged, that Mr. Adair, whose house is next door, and at the back, in St. James's Square, the "hell" overlooks part of it; begins to feel the inconvenience of having such a place so near his hospitable roof, and, in consequence, has signified his intention to have it indicted next sessions. When that most respectable gentleman has been entertaining his friends, and his house, consequently, lighted up, his residence has often been taken for the "hell" itself. It must have been excessively annoying to him, to have had his house, by its locality to a common hell, taken for one, and his visitors as so many gamblers. Mr. A., no doubt,

has taken the hint from the circumstance of the Marquis of Buckingham (now Duke) having lived next door to a disreputable "hop" called the "Waterloo Rooms," in Pall Mall. One evening the noble marquis gave a fashionable party, when some blades, who had just sallied from a tavern, more than "half seas over," mistook the marquis's mansion for the said hop, and were actually making their way to the drawing-room, but were stopped in time by the servants. The steward was ordered to indict the place as a nuisance, at the following sessions, which removed it altogether.

"If the neighbours of the "hells" were to follow such a judicious plan, we should not hear of so many families plunged into misery and ruin, by the infatuated and fatal propensity which such infamous places nurture and encourage."

One of the partners of No. 75, St. James's Street, on going into the country, left one of two sons in charge of his interests in the concern. He was a gay wild young man, and he had formed acquaintances with the players of his father's hell, as thoughtless as himself. The young man used, occasionally, to deal. It was agreed that two of his acquaintances should come, prepared with a little money, in order to play upon some sure *coups* that he would pack for the purpose. The cue was given when they were coming off: this was practised a few times before it was found out; upon its being detected, a despatch was sent off to the father, who came to town immediately. The son remained in disgrace with his father a long time afterwards.

The hells had plunged so many men into great distress, that applications to the hellites for assistance were innumerable. The two-penny post, each round, would bring half-a-dozen, or a dozen letters, containing requests for different sums ; at length, they were so repeated and numerous, that the hellites came to the determination, not to take any more letters in. At this period, an intended work was announced, privately, by the following circular: "Published by subscription. The Gaming-Houses! a faithful picture of, and insight into, those dens of robbery, vice, and infamy, and the certain ruin which awaits their frequenters. Illustrated by anecdotes of the keepers, by narratives of players, and by copies of letters now lying open at the Dead-Letter Office." One of these got into the hands of some of the hellites, when they, supposing that such letters would be inspected by sanction of government, countermanded the orders, and directed that all letters should again be taken in. The author never could have contemplated that government would compromise its honour, by allowing any one, but the proper person, to have the perusal of returned letters, who is sworn to secrecy. His intention was to obtain from what writers he could, the substance of their letters, and, in that manner, give the "copies of letters now lying open at the Dead-Letter Office." Many a ruined man, however, had reason to thank this trivial circumstance, for his letters being received, and some trifling relief being afforded to his miseries.

Though the gaming-house keepers treat with scorn and insult the ruined victims they do not

admit, outside the house, their conduct is very different, when any such, by stratagem, manage to evade the vigilance of the porters, and get inside, especially into the room of play. One of the "excluded" wanted a couple of pounds, and meeting one of the hellites of No. 10, King-Street, where he had been in the habit of playing, and losing his money, he asked him to advance that sum. The hellite turned sharply upon his heels, saying "I can't indeed, Sir, I can't indeed." The excluded then watched an opportunity to get up stairs. He reconnoitred the premises the day before, for an hour before the hell commenced play in the morning. Half-an-hour before the time, he observed the servant sweeping down the stairs, and white-washing the step; he also noticed the iron doors, which are always kept closed when play is going on, wide open, all the way up stairs. Near the hour of play, he saw the hellites, croupiers, waiters, and porters, arrive one after the other, and the doors then fastened for the coming of players. At the opening and closing of play, hellites and players turn in and out of such places, like so many boys to a day school. The next day, not seeing the street-door open, he rang the bell; the servant maid answered. He inquired for one of the hellites, and was informed he had not yet come; the excluded then said it was no matter, he would wait for his coming; upon which, with a few strides, he reached the room of play. The hellites, one by one, arrived soon after; they exhibited the greatest confusion and dismay at seeing the excluded seated at the play table. "How do you do, gentlemen?" said the excluded.

"I hope you're well, Sir," said the hellites. "I've come to lose a few hundreds, as formerly," said the excluded. "We are very glad to see you, Sir," said one hellite: "You know we don't wish you to come here," said a second: "Pray what is it you want?" said a third. "Why the fact is," said the excluded, "I am in great distress; I asked Mr. ——— to lend me two pounds, and he would not listen to me. Finding I was not attended to in the street, I determined to see if I could meet with better success in the house, and here I am." "Send for an officer," cried one or two voices. "That is the very thing I wish to be done," exclaimed the excluded, taking a seat quietly at the play table. Finding the threat of an officer had no weight, "now tell us," said the third hellite, "what it is you want."—"Why, ten pounds," rejoined the excluded. "Will you go away if they are given to you?" added the third hellite: "I will," promised the excluded. The ten pounds were then advanced. The sum was extorted from their fears. They were not only afraid of being indicted, but of losing a morning's play, if any disturbance had arisen, a thing of much more consequence. Ten pounds was but a drop in the ocean compared to it.

On another occasion, a half-pay officer, one of the "excluded," who had, in consequence, indicted several hellites, contrived one evening, by buttoning a new great coat closely up, and disguising his voice as well as person, to enter the play-room unknown. From his well known determined conduct, they would as leave have seen the devil

enter as this "excluded." The table was full, and the play going on: "make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black," said the croupier. "Twenty pounds, black," said the excluded, very loud, and in his own voice. The hellites stared, the croupier put down the cards, and all business was suspended for awhile. The players, ignorant of such things, could not make out "head or tail" of the matter. A hellite begged, as a particular favour, that the "excluded" would step on one side with him. "Why do you shut me out?" said the excluded. "Really, Sir, I don't know," rejoined the hellite; "for my part, I should be happy to see you, but it don't lay with me. There are a great many more shut out besides you, Sir, and I am very sorry for it."—"None of your blarney," said the excluded, "it won't do with me; I came up to win twenty pounds." "Well, Sir, if you will allow me," said the hellite, "you shall not have the trouble of playing for it; if you will just step down stairs, I'll bring you the twenty pounds."—"No tricks upon travellers," exclaimed the excluded, "I'll not budge one inch without the money being given to me here." That was accordingly done, and the excluded went away. An indictment, and the tread-mill presented themselves to their view, which induced that mode of quieting the excluded. The porter was severely reprimanded afterwards for his negligence, and desired to take especial care that the "excluded" did not get in again.

It is an undoubted fact, that there are many broken men, who receive an allowance, weekly,

from one hell or another, in order to keep them quiet, and for them not to molest the hellites in their proceedings.

A hellite, named F——, who had amassed an immense fortune, and was living in a splendid mansion in Piccadilly, was once applied to, by letter, by a broken down gentleman, to assist him with three pounds. When he called for an answer, the servant maid put into his hand a letter, apparently with three sovereigns wrapped up within it in a row. The letter contained three shillings!!

Another hellite, by name O——, considered by the rest of the honourable crew, even the most heartless of all, and who has also amassed a vast fortune, has frequently been applied to, to assist an undone man. His universal answer to such request was, "I would never give a broken player a shilling, unless to buy a rope to hang himself with." The character of this observation is the more fiendlike, from the fact, that a brother of his was hung for defiling a girl of very tender years. This fellow was once without a shoe to his foot. The certain working of one game or another enables him now to reckon his thousands and tens of thousands.

The following letter from **Expositor** to the **Times**, contains some very useful information relating to the laws in reference to gaming.

"GAMING-HOUSES.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—The 'hells' are open to men of substance, resources, and character; but when all their money has been sacked, as well as what could be raised from friends and credit, and all their advantages have withered, (which takes place gradually with their losses, and before the view of the 'hellites' themselves,) the porters (who are selected for their great muscular and pugilistic powers,) are ordered not to admit them more; and if the baseness of such conduct is remonstrated against, they unceremoniously shove the complaining party into the street, (even heavy blows have often been inflicted,) and the doors are shut in their faces. This is done fearlessly of any consequences from their now friendless and penniless victims, thus turning them upon the world, bereft of every stay, completely ruined and desperate. Hence these horrid places at once are sinks of heartless villany, and nurseries of every species of vice and crime. At them may be found many a —, who inveigle the inexperienced to their houses and fleece them; and many a Thurtell in principle, who, before their visits, probably were men of nice honour, but have at length become indifferent as to what they do. To suppress so dreadful and trying an evil, the laws, it is said, are both numerous and penal; but if the whole of the statute book were composed of such laws, and they prove to be nearly inoperative, (which

I shall endeavour to show is the case,) they are but as a dead letter. These laws, I believe, are of a six-fold character,—actions at common law, *qui tam* actions, information, indictment at the sessions or in the Crown-office of the Court of King's Bench, and bill of discovery in the Court of Exchequer.

“Action at common law for the recovery of money lost at play, must be brought within three months of the loss. The delusive and infatuated feeling which takes possession of a man's mind the moment he enters a ‘hell,’ that he will be able to win largely, and as he loses, that one lucky hit will bring back all his losses at once, never leaves him, but actually increases with his progress to ruin. No one thinks, therefore, of bringing such action till the time has gone by, or he has not a penny left to go to law with. Those who escape so dreadful a reverse, from their connections in life, are ashamed that such disgraceful pursuits of theirs should be known; so, what from shame, want of funds, or the short limitation of time, such action is never heard of, though thousands have been lost from day to day for years. To make this law more effective, the time should be extended to ten years.

“*Qui tam* action, which gives three times the amount proved to have been lost, must be brought within two years of the loss. The same observations as respect actions at common law, apply here. The time should be extended to ten years. Persons who are still blind enough to play, should take memoranda of the sums they lose, at what date and place, and should have some friend with

them, on whom they can rely, all of which will be of service, if they think proper to bring either of the above actions. There has been only one *quitam* action of late—'Willans v. Taylor.' The plaintiff failed in proving the full extent of loss, but obtained a verdict of rather more than £200. which, in effect, was a verdict for upwards of £600. The defendant moved for a new trial, which was refused; he then took out a writ of error, which has carried the case into the House of Lords. Since the commencement of this action, the plaintiff was caused to be arrested upon a bill of thirty pounds, given as an acknowledgment simply for that sum advanced by the people of No. 32, (late 46,) Pall Mall; on account of some losses he sustained at that house. After being confined in a lock-up house for some time, and put to great inconvenience and expense, the record was withdrawn.

"Information, Indictment, and Bill of Discovery, can be pursued as distinct measures to the foregoing actions. Information is laid before a magistrate, who grants a search-warrant. If, when served, the parties are found at play, or are sworn to have been so, when the officers knock at the door, (the party laying the information should contrive to be in the room of play at such time, as he will be better able to swear to the keepers and dealers,) they are convicted as rogues and vagabonds, and sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment and to hard labour. This is appealed against to the sessions, and bail is put in. In the meanwhile, the informer is bought off, or the parties leave the country, (fearing fresh measures,)

leaving money behind to cover the amount of bail, which comparatively is very inconsiderable, and no more is heard of the matter. No entrance will be gained into these places now, without a great deal of difficulty, as there are strong iron bars to the windows, and three or four iron doors, which, for ingress or egress, are opened one at a time. But the magistrates, it is said, have come to the determination to grant no more search warrants, without the informer enters into sureties to prosecute and to pay all the expenses, thus leaving it optional whether to do this, or at once indict at the sessions, which probably is the best way.

“Indictment at the sessions.—Bill of indictment can be preferred for any time, and is readily brought in by the grand jury, ‘a true bill,’ which is either tried there, or moved by *certiorari* into the King’s Bench. About two years ago, seven or eight, out of forty-five or fifty ‘hellites,’ were indicted and convicted. They were sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment, and to fines amounting to near fifteen thousand pounds. The five thousand pound fine has since been remitted, and the two of three thousand five hundred are sought to be. These sentences were ridiculously considered by many to be severe. The fines, if paid, altogether, would not amount to many a single individual’s loss to them, and separately not to many a single night’s success to each. It is also worthy of notice, that when these gentry were brought up for judgment, nearly all pleaded wives and large families, pains in the head, rheumatism, gout, &c. The appeal of wife and family is cal-

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culated to awaken the liveliest sympathies, which predominate even with the savage, and there are few hearts it won't warm and melt to pity; but among those few, are to be numbered some of those who thus appealed, and who have turned a deaf ear to the appeals of many whose all they have nefariously pocketed, for a few shillings only to take home to their starving wives and little babes. This is not a wanton assertion, it is too true, for this infamous gaming closes up the hearts of keepers or players, against all feeling but for themselves. While the affidavits were being read, it was very amusing to see the writhings of their features, one after another, characteristic of the various complaints they said they laboured under—every word seeming to inflict fresh paroxysms of pain. This is all very well; but it should not be forgotten, that these 'invalids,' up to the time of conviction, could sit up all hours of the night, watching the progress of the games, dealing cards or playing dice to serve their own purposes, which entailed such fatal results to others.

"But, to return from digressive matter. Since those convictions, none have taken place, though a great many indictments have been commenced. Some have been compromised, which, for a small sum the miseries of the prosecutors incline them to agree to, and others have fallen to the ground for want of necessary funds to carry on proceedings, as the hellites tenaciously hold out, short of coming into court, in the hope of exhausting the means of the prosecutors, which often succeeds. One great hellite went to trial last September sessions, upon an indictment, charging him with keeping different gaming-houses, from the year 1817

to 1823, thus including the whole time he was engaged in such places, upon which he was acquitted. Last sessions he was again tried, with other indictments depending upon the issue, when he pleaded under the statute, which plea was recorded, and all the cases fell to the ground. Now it is notorious and easy of proof, that he did keep such 'hells,' and that he has collected a vast fortune; but it would appear, the laws are quite nugatory as respects him. The law says, each day the house is open, is a separate offence; how then ought six years, (upwards of two thousand offences, though of the same character,) be included in the same indictment, upon which an acquittal may be secured, which operates as a bar to all future proceedings, thus converting a bill of indictment into a bill of impunity.

"Indictment in the Crown-office of the Court of King's Bench is much the same as indictment at the sessions, but more summary and effective.

"Bill of Discovery in the Court of Exchequer. — A bill of this kind a short time ago was filed against 'Fishmongers' Hall,' but for some reason or another, it proved of no avail. It is still open however to a similar proceeding.

"When proceedings of any kind are instituted, all sorts of threats and persecutions are resorted to. The keepers or their agents find out the friends, relatives, and creditors (if they have any, whom they impulse to arrest) of the parties; write anonymous letters, containing the most infamous charges; give out they intend to transport them for perjury; that they know what would hang them, &c.: in short, they leave nothing un-

tried to intimidate, which avails with many; with others, they can but compromise at last. Thus the large masses of plunder collected by the 'hellites' enable them to buy off and command evidence, settle actions, smother prosecutions, and persecute those who seek to bring them to justice, paralyzing the laws as respects themselves, and putting in force others against their victims. The only effectual remedy to the evils I have enumerated, is to pass a fresh law, easy, reasonable, and summary, which a broken player can with facility enforce, the end justifying the means. At present the laws are too dilatory, expensive, and complicated. I would, therefore, recommend the keeping of gaming houses to be made a felony: magistrates to have the power, upon oath, to issue warrants of apprehension against the keepers and dealers, (most of whom are keepers,) and where necessary, against the players, to obtain necessary evidence as in other cases of felony. Such a law could not fail to have a very beneficial effect, as the 'hellites' would not be safe one moment over another. Few of them (if any at all) would be bold enough to encounter so great a risk, depending upon the forbearance of their ruined victims; and but few players to be found who would choose to lie open every minute to the pursuits of their unsuccessful and undone brethren. The pains and penalties should be fine and imprisonment,—half the fine to go to the prosecutor, as inducement to prosecutions. Besides, they should be still open to all civil actions. No bail should be taken, as the great offenders can well spare the forfeiture, to avoid farther consequences. Severity

to these knaves would be mercy to thousands yet unruined, who will fall into the same vortex of wretchedness as others heretofore, unless something is done. Besides, the law would have a prospective, and not retrospective effect, and therefore they need not render themselves liable to its provisions.

"Something of this kind ought to have been done long ago; but however tardy, it is never too late to check the flow of so much human misery from so depraved a source.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"EXPOSITOR."

London, August 26.

"I cannot imagine," said the Marquis of Meadowdale, after a profound silence of some minutes, which followed Sir Walter Mortimer's conclusion of Sketch No. 7, "what inducement there can be for men to risk their fame and fortune upon the turn of a die, a card, the result of a fight, or the speed of a horse. The facts Mr. Cleveland discloses, are of a very deep character, and possess a painful interest, which wonderfully increases in every Sketch."

"Mr. Cleveland, evidently, is deeply read in these matters," said the baronet, "and there is such an air of truth and faithfulness in his various developements, that there is no ground to doubt the accuracy and precision of his details. I will answer for his sincerity, and that he would not wantonly distort a single fact."

"I quite shudder," said the marchioness, "at the startling particulars. What melancholy in-

stances of wretchedness and folly. Such facts had better be known thus theoretically, than practically, for no mind could stand the shock, uninjured or unmoved."

"When a gentleman," said Lord Upland, "is once informed of these things, he will know how to parry every attempt that can be made to plunder him."

"I am not an advocate," added Sir Walter, "for a man of fortune to be mean and niggardly in his expenditure; but, on the contrary, a legitimate expenditure, in proportion to his income, a man is bound in duty to make, and such an expenditure gives a general encouragement to trade, calls into action the best efforts of the arts and sciences, and ramifies an incalculable benefit over the whole country, without any injury being sustained by a single person in existence; but these practices are as knavish, as they are mischievous. To think a man capable of wasting the best energies of his mind over a garbing-table, is truly disgraceful, shocking, and contemptible."

After a few other remarks equally forcible, the Earl of Upland observed, "we shall have an opportunity on Tuesday, of seeing the invisible musician, about whom Lady Eliza is so very curious," easting towards his lovely sister a look of archness, and of the greatest good nature.

"Now, Henry," said her young ladyship, smilingly, "that is too bad of you, when, where I have named one thought upon the subject, you have expressed twenty, at least."

"Come, come, my dear Lizzy," said Lord Upland, in a rallying vein, "you know you have

already set him down to be a descendant of the Llewellyns,—the old princes of Wales,—an ought-to-be young Welch prince,—in the disguise of a minstrel, wandering, love-smitten, from the moss and ivy-grown battlements of his forefathers' palace, telling his tale of love o'er the South, in song and on harp, over hill and over dale, through green bowers, and by the silent stream."

"That he is in love, is certain," added Lady Eliza, with playful gravity, "and sentimentally so, is equally sure, for the song we listened to the other evening, the words of which are evidently original, together with the feeling manner of singing it, I have no doubt, were expressive of the real sentiments of the pleasing bard."

"Whoever he may be," said the Marchioness of Meadowdale, "he will not lessen in interest by his character being handled by two such inventive children of romance, who already seem to be infected by the air of the fanciful scenery around. It is well, we shall soon quit this dangerous spot, or I should be afraid, that my dear Eliza would become a gentle shepherdess of the hills with her crook, and Henry, a mountain goatherd with his pipe."

While the noble party were indulging in this harmless raillery, a harp was indistinctly heard. Lord Upland, upon first ascertaining that it would be agreeable, went to the window, threw up the sash as far as it would go, and then turning round, said, with a most ludicrous face, shrugging his shoulders, and, at the same time, stepping upon tip-toe towards his seat, "'talk of the devil,—I'll say no more, for here he is, — the identical

minstrel of the grove, whose notes are so sweet and soft that they seem to vibrate and tremble upon a moon beam, as Eliza would say.—But hush."

The harp was now distinctly heard, sometimes swelling into a fulness of sound, and then dying away into the most plaintive melody.

A short silence ensued, which, at length, was broken by the musician running over a few strings, prefatory to his singing the "Welch Harper." Upon finishing this, he played a short piece. He ran over immediately after, with his beautiful toned instrument, slowly and expressively, "I sing the song of happier days, and strike the light guitar." He then paused.

"How much I should like to hear that song," said Lady Eliza, after the party had waited, in silence, some moments, expecting to hear it.

"Edward," said the marquis, who always delighted in gratifying the wishes of every branch of his family, "Edward, go out and give that musician a sovereign, and ask him to oblige us with the song, the tune of which he was just now playing." The footman found the minstrel under the hedge that lined the opposite side of the road, that led from the Well-house to the plain beneath Little Malvern, and attended by a few country people and peasants, who were listening, at a respectful distance, in wonderment to his singing and music. "Here, my good man," said Edward, going up to him, "here is a sovereign for you, and my lord wishes you to sing that song you were playing just now."

"I will sing it with pleasure," returned the

minstrel ; "but I do not sing for ——" advancing his hand at the same time, "I do not sing for ——" and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he finished the sentence, "I do not sing for every body, but I shall be happy to comply, if your noble master's family wish it as well."

"Oh ! they do," said Edward ; "my young lady particularly, who——"

"Would she like to hear it ?" interrupted the musician, with eagerness, and averting his face, as if to conceal an expression he wanted to keep to himself ; but in a moment recovering himself, he continued, "here, my good fellow, keep the money yourself, but do not tell any one about it," and he immediately ran over the tune upon his harp.

Edward looked at the musician with astonishment, not knowing what to make of him ; but being better acquainted with what to make of a sovereign, he slyly put it into his pocket without another word, and then returned to the parlour, telling his noble master that the person was preparing to sing, felt very much obliged, and thanked the goodness of his lordship a thousand times.

The voice of the young musician, who had approached very near to the open window, was now heard, and appeared to falter with the first line of the song, but gaining more confidence as he proceeded onward, he went through it with the greatest effect and feeling.

Upon its conclusion, he played a beautiful Italian air, and then moved away, retiring by the side of the hedge.

While the minstrel was thus singing and play-

ing, the noble party within were able to observe him, particularly by the light from the room, which glared, unknown to himself, upon his fine, but slightly proportioned figure. He looked extremely clean and neat; he had on a sort of sur-tout-frock, apparently of dark nankeen, which nearly came down to his knees, bound round the waist by a broad black leather belt and steel buckle, with a broad shirt collar turned down over that of his dress, leaving his neck perfectly bare. His trowsers were of a lighter colour than the frock, and were tight to the legs, which showed them to be of excellent make. White stockings, and shoes fastened by large buckles, finished the lower part of his dress. He had on his head a light beaver hat, with a very broad brim, which was slouching behind, but was turned up in front with a bright button and broad loop; it had a shallow round crown, bound round at the base with a broad ribbon of the same colour with the hat, and tied with a large bow on one side. His hair was black, long, and curly; his eye was full, dark, and brilliant. The whole of his face was strikingly handsome, but it wore an expression of deep melancholy and care. His gesture, while touching the harp, was truly graceful. His whole appearance and demeanour bespoke him of a very superior order of beings. He could not be more than twenty, though his care-worn look gave him, at first sight, an appearance of being older. As these things were being passed in review by all the party, the interesting stranger was fast receding from farther observation, and was soon lost in the gloom of the night.

The minstrel had awakened a very lively curiosity, and they all expressed a strong desire to know more about him. "We shall certainly learn some particulars of this young Prince Llewellyn in disguise, at the 'quadrille' party, on Tuesday evening," said Lord Upland, as Sir Walter rose from his seat to go home.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the afternoon of the Tuesday, on which the friendly assembly was to take place at the Well-house, a complete dispersion of the noble inhabitants of the private dwelling was to be observed. The Earl of Upland ordered horses to be ready immediately after breakfast, and, attended by his little groom, had gone to Cheltenham, and was to be back by the dinner hour. The noble marquis was in the little parlour, which his lordship had converted into a study during his stay, attending to some letters he had received from town, and was also overlooking the last accounts from his steward, together with other concerns connected with his lordship's domestic economy. Lady Meadowdale passed the major part of the morning in her dressing-room. The gentle-minded Lady Eliza amused herself with reading in the drawing-room.

Thus were they all situated, when Sir Walter Mortimer arrived, at two o'clock, to acquaint them that a balloon was to ascend from Cheltenham, at four that afternoon, and to offer his services to conduct them to the hill, named, from its position and height, the Herefordshire Beacon, or Peak, as the spot from whence they could behold, in the most desirable manner, the venturous, but grand and majestic flight of the bold æronauts.

Lady Eliza had often expressed, in the hearing of the baronet, a very strong desire to witness an ascension of mortals into regions, above where the eagle soars, or the hawk will watch its prey, therefore, the instant he knew it, he came to give the particulars. Lady Eliza hastened to her mother, with a step as light as her spirits, to inform her ladyship of the purport of Sir Walter's visit. Lady Meadowdale, in a few moments, entered the room, where the baronet had remained, followed by the airy form of her angelic daughter. After the usual compliments of the day had passed, the marchioness thanked him for his politeness, and said, "The marquis is so occupied, that I cannot disturb him by speaking to him upon the subject; I, too, cannot conveniently go; but there is no hindrance to Lady Eliza, if she would like it, and you will have the goodness to take charge of her. She has been long wishing to see the ascent of a balloon, and she could not be intrusted to one, who, I am confident, would take more care of her."

"Lady Meadowdale," said the baronet, with his face expressing his inward satisfaction, "you do me infinite honour, by the favourable estimation, you flatter me, by entertaining of me. If your ladyship's charming daughter," looking most beseechingly at the youthful lady, "will condescend to accept of my attendance, I am too sensible of the value of the precious trust, not to protect it with the most anxious solicitude."

Lady Eliza gave her consent with one of her sweetest smiles, and, in half-an-hour after, attended by Edward, they were winding their way, by the zig-zag paths, to the Herefordshire Beacon. This

they very soon reached, and amused themselves, by walking round and round the brow of that towering hill, till an exclamation of "there it is," "there it is," from a few persons, who had also assembled to see the balloon, called them to its highest point.

The balloon, at the time, appeared to be just clearing the houses of Cheltenham, and mounting into the air, slowly, but with great grandeur. An unclouded sun shone resplendently upon its glossy surface, which rendered it more distinctly to be seen; there were very few clouds floating about, and scarcely a breath of wind, so that it remained in sight full half-an-hour. When it reached a certain altitude, it seemed to glide in a direct line along the horizon, and at length entering rather a large cloud it was soon lost to farther observation; looking, as it became encompassed by the cloud, as if it melted into air. The cloud, which obscured it, was extremely beautiful; it was very white, and fringed here and there with crimson tints, which, contrasted with the whiteness of the body of the cloud, and its outlines being full and varied, gave it the appearance of a mountain of many hills of unsunned snow, that was buoyant in the atmosphere.

Nothing could surpass the delight and gratification that Lady Eliza expressed at the whole magnificent sight, and the pleasurable feelings of the baronet while listening to her ladyship's innocent exclamations of wonder and astonishment, which were of the most refined and exalted nature.

They now wended their way towards home, each enjoying a secret and silent happiness, the nature of which, though it concerned, was still

unknown to each other. They had descended into the vale of one hill, and was mounting the brow of another, when a sudden gust of wind came from the North-west, whistling past every impediment, bending the stoutest trees, and sweeping along in its resistless course, clouds of leaves, particles of straw, hay, small sticks, and pebbles. So instantaneously did it come on, that it almost blew Lady Eliza and the baronet off their legs down the hill. As it was, it carried them along some steps, before they regained a sure footing. The cloud of heterogeneous particles having passed them, the baronet turned to the quarter of the wind, and saw a dark blue cloud skirting the summits of the distant hills, and in its rapid progress, o'ershadow the face of nature below. He saw the instant storm, and immediately became alarmed for the sweet being of his love. There was no house,—no cot,—no shelter in view, and what to do he did not know, for he was certain the storm would come on, before they could possibly reach home. Already the rain, in sheets, borne on by the blast, swept the plains, and large drops began to fall about them, though considerably in advance of the cloud. At length, vivid and forked flashes of pale lightning, forced themselves into temporary existence, attended by low and sullen peals of thunder, growling into vent from the sulphureous bowels of the condensed, combustible mass.

They now had reached a hill, on the top of which, Sir Walter recollected having seen a cave, which, tradition had given out, had been the abode of an

old hermit, in days of yore. Hither they hastened with all imaginable speed.

As they ascended to it, they could not avoid stopping to behold the awful grandeur of the scene. The heavens to the North-east, and South-west appeared clear, serene, and blue, while to the West and North, they were wholly obscured by a deep and impenetrable cloud, bursting with electric matter and issuing streams of water, the cloud forming a complete line of demarcation, exhibiting on the one side, what was sublime and beautiful, and on the other, what was fearful and terrible. The storm, as it approached nearer, increased in fury, and was nearly over their heads as they entered the cave. There were three or four other persons who had already sought shelter there. There were two rosy cheeked young girls, sisters, and near twenty years of age, and a nice plump little boy, their brother, about twelve years of age,—children of a cottager, who lived at the foot of the Camp-hill. They came out to see the balloon. There was a fourth person, who was seated in the darkest and most obscure part of the cave, enveloped in apparently a loose robe, or cloak. A poor lean mountain lamb too, came bleating in, looked wistfully around, then sidled up to Lady Eliza, and seated itself at her feet.

The cave afforded no other accommodation, besides the shelter, than two seats cut out of the broad trunk of an old oak, four or five others shapened out of the ground at the sides, and a coarse wooden table,—conveniences of modern introduction. Lady Eliza had one of the oaken seats, and the baronet would stand by her side in

spite of all persuasion to the contrary. Edward kept near the entrance. The storm was now raging with uncontrollable fury over the cave; the lightning seemed to flash over the surface above in one complete sheet, like a momentary light over a pier-glass, and the thunder to burst, in loud terrific peals, as if the earth would tremble with the shocks.

The cottage children began to cry for their parents in great dread, the stranger in the corner wrapped himself up closer, and Lady Eliza rested both her arms on one of Sir Walter's, as if depending upon his protection from immediate danger, while she offered up a short, fervent, and inward prayer to the Almighty.

Every moment it became darker and darker, and the objects in the cave less distinguishable. After a short interval from the last clap of thunder, the lightning radiated, for some seconds, the whole atmosphere above, and some of the electric fluid, entered the mouth of the cave, fluttered for a moment about the tables and then in an instant vanished into air. It was succeeded with a tremendous peal of thunder, which broke over their heads.

Upon seeing the lightning thus linger about the place, the stranger in the corner suddenly started up, and impassionedly exclaimed, "for God's sake, Sir Walter Mortimer, take her ladyship immediately away. There is some attractive power about the cave immediately away. There is some attractive power about the cave; the storm is immediately over our heads, and, any delay, may be fatal." The baronet was struck with the same

considerations, and said, "you are right, sir, you are right," without noticing, particularly, his name being pronounced by a person he had no knowledge of.

"My dearest Lady Eliza," said the baronet, looking down to her ladyship with an expression of deep concern, "pray, never mind the rain, but let us fly from this spot directly, you are not safe here."

Her ladyship made no reply. She had fallen senseless to the ground. The baronet, though almost frantic, did not lose his presence of mind. He raised her ladyship gently in his arms, and flew from the cave, followed by the stranger, who also seemed deeply affected.

"The open country, Sir," said the stranger, "is always the safest place in thunder storms; though you stand a chance of being washed to the skin, it is a mere trifle; compared to the liability of being struck with lightning."

It was a cloak the stranger had on, and, while he was speaking, he unclasped it, and, with a jirk, threw it off his shoulders upon his arm.

The baronet, in the meanwhile, had desired Edward to hasten home, and have every thing prepared, warm and comfortable, against her ladyship's return. Sir Walter was now descending the hill rapidly, bearing the lifeless form of Lady Eliza in his arms, without taking any farther notice of the stranger, so absorbed was he on one subject alone, and that subject—his lovely burthen. At this moment, though, he thought himself the most wretched of men.

"Stop, Sir Walter," said the stranger, pursuing him with a quickened step, "for God's sake stop."

The baronet, thus called, turned round, and beheld—the minstrel, in the very garb he had on a few evenings back.

"Excuse my presumption, sir," said the minstrel, colouring deeply, "but my — this cloak I mean, will protect Lady Eliza from the wet."

The minstrel then advanced close up to Sir Walter, and laid the cloak, which was of superfine blue, lined throughout with crimson silk, with collar and facings of velvet of the same colour, gently over the inanimate form of her ladyship, leaving her face a little exposed to the rain that was falling in torrents, and to the wind that was blowing a tempest.

The baronet looked at the young minstrel with amazement, but soon recovering himself, said "sir, be you who you may, I thank you from my heart. Come to me at the Well-house, without fail to-morrow at twelve." The minstrel made no reply.

Lady Eliza had only fainted from fright, and the rain that fell upon her colourless cheeks, soon after, revived her, to the no small delight of the baronet. He now placed her ladyship upon her feet, wrapped the cloak well round her, and they then made all possible expedition to the house.

All the while the lightning flashed in fearful streaks, and the thunder rolled in portentous claps.

The three poor cottagers, refusing to follow the example of their elders, still remained behind in the cave, getting, for comfort, as close to each other as they possibly could. Sir Walter, bearing

Lady Eliza, and the minstrel, had not left but a few moments before the over-charged cloud issued a stream of light, resembling more, in point of density, the burning lava of a volcanic eruption descending, than the indurable flash from lightning, which now overspread the space around, and dwelt in the air some seconds. A body of the quickening light darted through the roof of the cave, shivered the table to atoms, struck the three little innocents to the ground, took a direction by the mouth of the cave, tore a great portion of the ground at the side away, and then passed into the earth, opposite the entrance, making a deep hole, as if made by a cannon ball. A thick blue smoke then issued from the mouth of the cave.

The minstrel watched the receding form of the baronet, as he pursued the winding course of the hill, bearing Lady Eliza away, till he could see no more of them, when heaving a heavy sigh, and, slightly brushing a watery drop from his cheek, which was too round and clear for a rain drop, he returned towards the cave. He was within a few paces of it, when, to his great horror, he beheld the ball of fire descend with greater rapidity than the flight of a rocket, and enter its roof, accompanied by a peal of thunder, which made the earth seem to totter beneath his feet. He trembled for the fate of the poor children who were left there. On account of the sulphureous smoke, some minutes elapsed before he could venture in to see the extent of the mischief that was done. The minstrel was in no fear of danger, for a second phenomenon of the like nature never takes precisely the same direction.

At length, the smoke dissipating, he entered. He was deeply shocked to see the three innocents lifeless in the arms of each other. The lamb was literally burnt to a cinder, and its wool was quite black. He raised the poor little things, one after the other, and bore them to the mouth of the cave for air. He then sprinkled some rain-water over their faces, and to his heart-felt satisfaction, he saw them quickly restored to animation and life. One of the girls was very much injured. She had completely lost the use of one side, and her whole frame still trembled with the awful shock that caused it. The minstrel conveyed them to their parents, carrying the little sufferer all the way in his arms. It continued to thunder, lighten, and rain the whole time, and long before they reached home, they were all wet through to the skin. The grief of the children's parents can be better imagined than described. The minstrel left his purse with the humble cottager, desiring him to get instant advice for the hapless young ones.

When Sir Walter Mortimer and Lady Eliza arrived at the house where her ladyship's family were sojourning, they found the whole house in the greatest state of alarm and dismay about her. The dinner hour had long gone by without any tidings reaching them. At length Edward arrived, and, from what he stated, together with the natural anxiety springing from the terrible storm she must be exposed to, they indulged in the most painful anticipations.

When the well-known knock of the baronet was heard, the marquis and marchioness flew to the small hall to receive their dearly beloved

daughter. The servants too, by whom Lady Eliza was greatly esteemed, crowded to the same spot. The moment the door was opened, Lady Eliza flew into the arms of her parents. She was there entwined for some minutes, in silence, to their hearts. Tears of delight glistened in the eyes of her ladyship's noble father and mother, that most intelligently evinced the soul-felt happiness with which they were impressed, at the safe return of so cherished and idolized a being. "Thank God!" ejaculated both, as Lady Eliza with a quick step ascended the stairs to retire to her bed-room, where there was a good fire, and every thing necessary prepared for her ladyship, to prevent any bad consequences attending the adventure.

The news of the circumstance had already reached the Portland family at the Well-house, so that they were prepared to receive a letter of excuse, for the non-attendance of the marquis and his family, to the small quadrille party in the evening.

Lord Upland returned about nine o'clock from Cheltenham, and since there were no bad consequences likely to attend his sister, and at the solicitation of his parents, he consented, though fatigued and out of spirits from being wet, to go to Mrs. Portland's party.

The baronet hastened to put on some dry clothes, and he remained in his own room the whole of the evening, too unhappy about Lady Eliza, to join the party below, whose spirits, he judged, would be as light as their toes, in which his own could, in no degree, accord. He retired early to rest. He passed a restless night. The

music for the dancers, which broke upon his retirement, had no influence in disturbing his sleep. It was his painful reflections concerning the object of his attachment. "It is strange," said Sir Walter, to himself, as he laid his head upon his pillow for repose, "that I have had two opportunities of declaring the passion that consumes me, but the elements, which alike come between heaven and earth, and my hopes and me, have always interposed and prevented it. When I have fully determined to make known my love, some convulsion of nature has arisen to prevent the declaration. In Wales, I shall embrace the first that occurs." With this thought he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; his slumbers were confused and unsatisfactory. He rose early, and took a walk upon the hills. At eleven he sat down to breakfast. He gave orders, if any one came and asked for him, they should be immediately shown up to his room. He expected the minstrel,—twelve o'clock came, and he did not arrive. The baronet waited till one o'clock, and no minstrel appeared. He thought it extremely strange. He wanted to return his cloak, make him a present for his services, and to inquire how he could be of farther use to him.

The cloak had been dried, well brushed, and placed upon the back of a chair. When Sir Walter glanced upon it, he was suddenly impressed with the idea, that the minstrel was no other than a mysterious stranger who had appeared, so curiously, about Portman Square. He became more confirmed in this notion, when he recalled to his recollection the appearance of the minstrel, when

he issued from the cave covered by his cloak, which corresponded so much with that which had excited his wonderment in the square, and that himself and Lady Eliza had been designated by name, which only now first struck him. In a perplexing and wandering mood, he issued from the Well-house, seriously regretting that the appointment he made with the minstrel, prevented him earlier making personal inquiries touching the state of health of Lady Eliza, after the serious occurrences of the day before. He found, with indescribable pleasure, that they had been attended with no ill consequences to her ladyship; indeed, far otherwise, for he thought Lady Eliza never appeared lovelier, especially when she beamed upon him, a look expressive of joy and thanks.

Lord Upland then gave an account of the party the evening before.

"Disappointment the first," said his lordship, facetiously, "no minstrel came throughout the evening,—no tidings of him,—he is off in mist. Disappointments the second, third, and fourth,—no Lord and Lady Meadowville,—no Lady Eliza,—and no Sir Walter Mortimer. But the absence of these personages was of no importance. My presence,—my presence, I say," repeated Lord Upland, drawing himself up very erect in his chair, and putting on a pompous look of the most ludicrous character, "more than amply consoled every one for the non-attendance of those personages. Disappointments the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth,—parties from Ledbury, Gloucester, Worcester, and Upton, were prevented coming in consequence of the storm. Disappointments

the ninth and tenth,—the presence of two frightful old maids who were there because they were not wanted. In short, there were very few persons present. We managed, however, to make ourselves very happy and contented. We made up with fun the lack of numbers. I was a knight errant, and had for a faithful squire, a personage standing seven feet five inches high. We performed some strange and wonderful exploits to the admiration of the whole room; I made a ‘Dulcenea del Toboso’ of one of the old maids, a perfect ‘dame Hecate,’ who, most good naturedly entered into the humour of the moment, and it afforded great amusement. Our music consisted of two fiddles, one harp, and one clarionet. We all missed the young minstrel, who seems to have interested every body.”

All the particulars relating to the young minstrel were now repeated, and after exhausting every surmise about who he could be, the only conclusion that the noble party could come to, was, that he was indeed a very singular mortal.

The morning produced to the baronet, a small packet from Mr. Cleveland.

In the evening, Sir Walter imparted its contents.

SKETCH No. VIII.

CROCKFORD'S.—SCENE THE THIRD.—WHIST.

*Lobby of the House of Commons.—Ten o'clock
at Night.*

A CALL of the house, to take into consideration the state of the country, produced, as a matter of course, a very full attendance of members. The debate was expected to be stormy, as it was one of those party questions that are occasionally raised, as a trial of strength, between the opposition and the ministry, especially after a new election, which was the case at this period. It was of much interest at the moment, as recently there had also been a few partial changes in the government, and the division upon the resolutions would clearly show, whether the ministry had gained or had lost strength by them.

The debate was not remarkable for any particular spirit or fire, for after five or six leading speeches, that were somewhat tame, a cry of question arose, the resolutions condemnatory of the policy of government were rejected by a very large majority, and the house "was up" much earlier than was expected.

The lobby was crowded by members, and by strangers who had been brought hither by interest or curiosity. Mr. Friske was waiting the coming out of Mr. Rosefield, a gentleman who had just arrived of age, had very great property in the bank of England, and possessed considerable estates in

the counties of Westmoreland and Dorsetshire. He had not long left Cambridge to take his seat for ———, a rotten borough upon his estate, which had been represented by the family from father to son, for eleven or twelve successive parliaments.

Mr. Friske had been introduced to the young gentleman at the last musical festival at York, and he then booked him for a good flat at some future period.

Mr. Rosefield took the oaths and his seat for the borough of ———, on this occasion for the first time. He was immediately recognised by Mr. Friske, who, while in the house, anxiously watched every turn of his eye, in hopes that it would glance upon him, but he happened not to look that way. He resorted to the only alternative left,—to watch for his retiring from the house, make himself known, and commence a town acquaintance with him.

At length seeing Mr. Rosefield come out by the swing door, he made up to him on the instant.

“Mr. Rosefild, I prasume,” said Mr. Friske, bowing, “I am vary glad to say you make one of us. Antering parliament so young, you have an extramely fine carair open to gratify an honourable ambition. Bee the poors, I alraidy think I hair you make a spaich that will astonish the world, and will compate with tha baist afforts of Canning and Burke.”

“You speak your wishes, sir,” said Mr. Rosefield, feeling somewhat flattered, “and I am very happy to see you in London. I have taken a house for two years, in George Street, Hanover

Square, — is the number, where I shall be glad if you would favour me with a visit."

The two honourable gentlemen then exchanged cards; Mr. Friske gave his address in Brook Street. They had now, in company, descended the stairs, and got into Parliament Street, where, at the instant, Lord Hulse came up, who was on his way to the lobby to see Mr. Friske. His lordship was immediately introduced to Mr. Rosefield. It was a fine night, so Mr. Rosefield sent his carriage home, and the three, arm-in-arm, soon reached Pall Mall, talking all the way, about the amusements of the town. By Waterloo Place, Mr. Rosefield was on the point of wishing his new friends good night, when Lord Hulse proposed going into a club of his for supper, where every thing of the best could be obtained. Mr. Rosefield did not require much invitation to go. They soon reached a large house most splendidly lit up. Mr. Rosefield expressed his admiration, which was much increased as he passed through the marble hall, and was shown into the coffee-room on the right hand, and then to that on the left. The beautiful chandeliers, large pier glasses, in superb gilt frames, with curious designs, and the handsome sideboards, loaded with the most costly glass and plate, did not pass without observation. He was soon ushered into the supper-room, where his sight was quite dazzled by looking glasses, chandeliers, plate, cut-glasses, and decanters, all glittering with the glare of light emitted from an abundance of wax-candles, and reflecting it again from their shining surfaces upon the surrounding gaudy objects. Some choice paintings,

rich curtains, rare fruits, every delicacy in abundance; and last, though not least, the wine sparkling in the decanters,—the whole formed a *coup d'œil* of the most fascinating, dazzling, and intoxicating appearance.

Supper was soon served up, every dish, nearly, being conveyed by a separate servant in rich livery. The high-seasoned viands relished the wines, but the wine itself looked sufficiently inviting. There was nothing wanting to give this magnificent palace of knavery and ruin, (it was to Crockford's club where this mere youth was allured,) every charm that splendour can convey, beneath which lurks unseen, but not unfelt, robbery and wretchedness.

When supper was concluded, a bottle of ruby claret was placed upon the table, and then a second. This finished, Mr. Rosefield, sufficiently mellow, was conducted to the French hazard room. He was not so tipsy but he was at once convinced that he was at Crockford's gaming-house, about which he had heard so much talk. He was soon induced to take the box. Lord Hulse then went and informed Mr. Crockford who his friend was. In the meanwhile Mr. Rosefield was losing his money. At length he lost what he had. Mr. Crockford lent him five hundred pounds, to whom he applied by direction of his friends. He borrowed more and more, till he owed Mr. Crockford seven thousand pounds.

Mr. Rosefield reflected upon his loss with dismay. "Oh, I see by what means this ruinous house is supported and embellished." Then turning to Mr. Friske, who was close at his elbow,

"this is paying dearly, Mr. Friske, for 'a sight of the lions' and a good supper."

"Bee tha poors, my dair Rosefaild, I am extramely sorry for your loss," said the honourable gentleman, "but you must not bay faint hearted."

"Oh, no, you must not be faint-hearted, my dear sir," said Lord Hulse, "you will have better luck another time. Come, what say you both for another bottle of wine? That d--d Frenchified dish, I forget its name, has made me as thirsty as the devil. Come, Rosefield, cheer up."

They returned to the supper-room. A bottle of *champagne rosé* blunted a little the keen edge of remorse, which afflicted Mr. Rosefield. While the wine was going round, a gentleman-like looking man, in full dress, approached the table, and bowing with the utmost respect, said, "Mr. Crockford, sir, is excessively hurt to give you so much trouble, sir, but he would feel particularly obliged, if you would condescend to favour him with a slight memorandum for the seven thousand pounds. He would not name it, sir, but he lends to so many in the course of the night, he would forget to whom, unless he had some acknowledgment from them."

"That is a matter of course," said Lord Hulse.

Mr. Rosefield then gave his I. O. U. for the sum, when Mr. Crockford's creature, dressed as a gentleman, retired, saying, "You can pay it, sir, whenever you think proper."

While this was going on up stairs, a considerable disturbance was taking place below.

"I tell you," said the porter, "Mr. Crockford don't come here now."

"I know he does," said a squalid and emaciated being, shabby-genteelly dressed.

"I say he does not," said the porter, "and if you do not go away, I will give you in charge of the watch."

"Do, if you dare," said the unfortunate gentleman.

"Oh! you shall soon see that," said the two porters, at the same time thrusting the ruined man through the passage.

"Now what is it you want?" said one of the waiters in private clothes, coming from one of the coffee-rooms, upon hearing the scuffle.

"I am Major ——," said the gentleman; "and——"

"Ah! ah! ah! yes, that is Major ——," interrupted the porters.

"Don't insult the major," said the waiter, "shut the door, and leave him to me. Now, major, tell me what it is you want?"

"I am ruined by play," said the poor major. "I lost to Mr. Crockford's bank, at No. 5 King Street, full five thousand pounds. I am in great distress. I wrote to Mr. Crockford to lend me two pounds, and I left the letter myself. I stated, I should call to-night at ten o'clock for an answer. I have been here half-a dozen times, and I meet with nothing but indignity and insult. I will not put up with it."

"I will speak to Mr. Crockford to-morrow, upon the subject, he cannot be disturbed now," said the waiter. "Go away quietly; that's a good man."

"I must, and will have an answer to-night," said the major, "for I have no bed to go to."

"Well," said the waiter, "if you will go away, and make no more noise, I will give you five shillings out of my own pocket."

The major's distress was so pressing, that he accepted the money, and went away, saying he would call again to-morrow.

"You're a precious fool," said one of the porters, "to go for to give money out of your own pocket."

"Oh! Crockford will return it to me," said the waiter, "and give me something besides, for getting rid of the major upon such easy terms."

"What was all that noise about?" inquired Mr. Crockford, (who had been sent for in the midst of it,) of the waiter.

"It was Major —, sir, wanting two pounds, which he wrote for yesterday," replied the waiter.

"Vell, give him a sovereign when he comes again," said Mr. Crockford; upon which Mr. Crockford returned up stairs.

While the noise continued, all the doors were kept closed, to prevent any thing being overheard by the *members*. As it was, it did not wholly escape notice.

"What did that fellow want?" said the Hon. George Fopperry, who arrived just at the moment.

"Oh, it was only a poor man, sir," replied Mr. Crockford, "who was very drunk, and had lost his way. I have just given the poor fellow a sovereign to get rid of him."

But to return to the three friends in the supper room up stairs.

Mr. Rosefield wanted no farther inducement to take wine than his own inward thoughts, which became weaker and weaker upon the subject of his loss, with every fresh goblet. Lord Hulse proposed a game of whist, and, as there were only three, to cut for dummy. Captain Welldone was not at Crockford's that evening. He was not

particularly wanted, as Lord Hulse, while cards were being brought, had whispered to Mr. Friske, "to let Mr. Rosefield win a hundred or so, which would tend to raise his hopes, and put him into a good train for a *land* of importance at some other time. *We can borrow,*" added his lordship, "*two or three hundred to-morrow, upon the strength of his loss to the bank, so we shall not be out of pocket.*"

By Mr. Friske's very superior management of the cards, Mr. Rosefield was made to hold the most excellent hands.

Though what he won was a mere trifle, compared to his previous losses, yet his *success* cheered his spirits.

"If I had been half as lucky at French hazard," said the honourable gentleman, upon closing play; "I should have been well content. But I am rightly served in my losses, for gambling at all, and especially at a game I know nothing about. I never gambled for a guinea before in all my life. I have been taken completely by surprise."

"You will be more successful another time, my dear sir," said Lord Hulse. "Fortune plays us all some slippery tricks at times."

At half-past four o'clock in the morning, the three sallied forth from Crockford's hell, and parted at the top of St. James's Street, to go to their several homes, having agreed, shortly to dine together.

Mr. Friske was enabled to throw the games away or win them at pleasure, by his long experience in the mode of *packing* and *slipping* the cards.

A description of the mode of performing these tricks at whist, a game so familiar with most per-

sons,—will give a very fair idea, how the same thing is effected, suitably to all other games with cards.

There is more difficulty in taking in two flats, who are engaged in a whist party, than one, therefore there are generally only one flat and three sharps who make up the hand at that game.

If it is the flat's next deal, and he is not likely to shuffle, or his partner's deal, the cards are picked up in the progress of the game into tricks—high card, low card—high card, low card ;—and it is pretended that the cards are ready for dealing.

The flat himself is thus made to deal all the high cards into his opponents' hands, and all the low into his own and that of his partner's ; due care being taken to have a suit for trumps agreeing with the strength of the hands so arranged. Should the flat shuffle the cards, of course there is no packing then, but it is successfully effected when the three others deal.

When it comes to the deal of either of the opponents to a flat, the cards are picked up into tricks—low, high—low, high ;—a pretence is made to shuffle, and the pack cut from the right hand. One part is put upon the other in the usual way, but with the little finger keeping the one part from the other. The attention of the flat is drawn off, when the upper part is adroitly slipped to the under, and thus the arrangement of the cards remains undisturbed. Some persons can slip so admirably, that it is often done before the eyes of a flat with perfect impunity.

In order to inspire confidence in the flat, and deceive the better, good cards are often thrown into his and his partner's hand, and apparently

they are winning the game off hand, and long odds are betted upon the issue. This object being attained, instances repeatedly occur of all the trumps and leading cards falling then into the hands on the other side, and the game, of course, secured in one deal.

If the flat takes up the tricks belonging to his side, there is no packing on his part ; but there is on the other side, which is still a fearful advantage, and makes the game equally safe, but only a little longer in coming off.

"Mr. Crockford, it would appear," said Lord Upland, "is very accommodating to his dupes. He feeds them well, treats them well, lends them money, and gives them their own time to pay it in."

"He knows the customers he has to deal with, or he would not do all that," said Sir Walter. "Such men as Lord Chesterton and Mr. Rosefield, whose riches are well known, he will lend to any amount in his house, *while the money is being lost to the bank*, but not out of it, without good security, such as title deeds, &c. many of which he is already in possession of. He first wins the money of men of fortune, and then lends part of it upon the security of their estates."

"This sketch from Mr. Cleveland is very descriptive and striking," said the Marquis of Meadowdale. "The *splendid* and *genteel* robbery," continued the noble lord, with strong emphasis, and in scorn, "committed upon Mr. Rosefield up stairs, is well contrasted to the treatment an early victim to Mr. Crockford meets with down stairs. I should think, many such instances must be constantly occurring.

"Often," rejoined the baronet. After a slight pause, he proceeded, "in order to get rid of a few members, whose visits are not wanted to the new house, it is now pretended to such persons, that it is opened upon another footing, and that all the members, by order of the committee, must again be ballotted for. This farce is enacted in order to black-ball the objectionable members, which is secretly done by the *workmen* of the hell, by which practice is secured a very choice selection of rich and weak-headed men, the most calculated to answer the base and wicked purposes for which that infamous place is opened."

CHAPTER V.

SATURDAY, the day appointed for leaving Malvern for Upland Castle, was fast approaching. The minstrel had not been seen or heard of since the evening of the storm. His cloak had now been nicely dressed by a tailor, to whom it had been sent for the purpose, but it remained at the Well-house uncalled for. Time, it was considered, would clear up the doubts and perplexities about him. Every one entertained a strong interest for him, and felt a great desire to be made acquainted with his history, and the cause of his very odd and mysterious conduct.

While the subject was being discussed, Edward came home, bringing the minstrel's harp, and the whole of the dress he was accustomed to wear.

Edward related, that he had been to show Cicely—the under dressing-maid to Lady Meadowdale, a nice buxom little personage—the cave where the lightning had committed such ravages a few evenings back. While they were walking about the hill, he saw a large rabbit enter a small thicket of underwood. He pursued it, but had not proceeded far, before he saw it enter a small mound that projected out of the top, and was overhung with long branches of brambles and briars. He put them on one side, and then discovered a large hollow in the mound, made, to all appearance, by being undermined by rabbits, and being composed for the most part of light sand, which had given way from time to time, and had thus formed a hollow of considerable extent. He there found the minstrel's things, and thinking something might have happened to him, or that the things had been stolen and concealed there, he brought them away with him.

Edward was immediately despatched back to the spot, to leave in the place where the things had been deposited, a note, stating that they were in the possession of Sir Walter Mortimer, desiring the stranger to make a personal application for them before Saturday, and that after that period they would be left, together with the cloak, in the charge of the proprietor of the Well-house, as the baronet would quit Malvern on that day. It was considered, that when the minstrel went to the thicket for his things, he would be sure to see the note left in their place, and apply for their restitution as directed.

On Friday evening, the baronet produced a
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very short, as well as final, enclosure from Mr. Cleveland.

"No. —, Grosvenor Place, London, Aug. 30, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hope my communications have been to your wishes. By the present enclosure I now spring my last mine, at least, for some time to come. In the scenes I have described, it was utterly impossible to avoid a repetition here and there of the same sentiments. If they have conveyed some useful information, and answer the object you had in view, I am satisfied.

"I cannot have the pleasure of hearing from you before I quit England. I leave London the day after to-morrow for a tour through Switzerland and Italy. I shall be gone a twelvemonth. With the sincerest wishes for your health and happiness,

"I am, my dear sir,

"Ever yours most faithfully,

"CLEVELAND.

"To Sir Walter Mortimer, Bart.
Well-house, Malvern."

SKETCH No. IX.

Pigeon Matches, and Races.

In the transactions of the *trap* and of the *course*, the deepest fraud and knavery are to be observed, as in all other sporting pursuits.

PIGEON MATCHES.

In pigeon matches, "two birds are killed with one stone,"—the pigeon that is *bagged*, and the pigeon that is *plucked*. Two *crack* shots concert together, and make up a match to shoot at five hundred birds a piece, one hundred birds a day, for five successive days, for (nominally) one thousand sovereigns, more or less, a side. This is pompously announced in the newspapers, and through every necessary circle. All this produces a full attendance on the day of shooting. The precision with which each person fires, is very remarkable. When these pigeon matches were less in vogue than they now are, the gun used to be backed at only two to one. It is now backed at *four* and *five* to one. Birds are missed or brought down at pleasure. One gentleman,—a *pigeon plucked*, betted upon certain shots, with one of the opponents at one of these matches, that took place in the enclosure, Red House, Battersea, till he lost twelve hundred pounds, upon the ground. He saw it was of no use to bet farther, when he offered to toss up a sovereign, "head or tale," for fifty pounds the toss. "*Tossing is not my game*," said the crack-shot, coolly. In fact, with him, shooting was not "the toss up of a halfpenny." The expenses attending pigeon shooting could not be encountered, unless a certainty was made by it. The best "blue rocks," cost four, or five-and-twenty shillings the dozen: two hundred birds a day for five days,—say sixteen dozen and eight pigeons each day, at twenty-four shillings per dozen, is just twenty pounds; which for five days,

makes the sum of one hundred pounds, for pigeons alone. This is exclusive of all other expenses. Would this enormous expense be constantly encountered upon a simple trial of skill between two celebrated shots?—No.

RACES.

Robberies upon the turf have been long proverbial. The most extensive, are those committed by the three great races,—the Derby, at Epsom,—the Oaks, at Newmarket,—and the St. Ledger, at Doncaster. Horses are entered for months, nay years, before the days of racing. Every species of deception is then set on foot to gull and deceive. Tattersall's lists,—trials of speed, &c. are all brought to bear to answer the deep-laid schemes of the great knowing ones. Horses that are intended shall win, are generally kept back, and those which are to lose are generally thrust forward as favourites, though they occasionally change places to mystify the proceedings the better. At these great races, all the bets are P. P., which means, that if the horses die, are ill and do not start, all bets, upon such horses, are lost, and those bets against them, win. These P. P. bets are dead robberies. When a horse, whose speed is ascertained to excel that of those against which it will run, and it has not been backed by the knowing ones, every manœuvre is put in practice, either to prevent its starting or to check its speed, if it does start. After exercise, it is brought home heated, and at night, a damp or wet cloth is put over the poor creature's loins, which affects its

wind, and gives it a cough and cold. Since Dawson, (who was only the agent of richer and deeper villains,) was hung for poisoning some horses at Newmarket, some years ago, every thing is done, short of killing the poor animals, to effect the object. When two horses are only placed to run, one jockey is bribed to lose the race, as will tally best with certain bets that are laid, which generally turns out to be the horse against which the smallest odds are laid. The knowing ones, will bet, that the winner of the Derby, don't win the Oaks or the St. Ledger, though that winner will have to run against nearly the same horses for either race. If the winner of the Derby appears sure, if it starts for the other stakes, to win in a canter, which will not exactly suit the books of certain persons, the horse is either sold with the stipulation that it is not to run for a given race, or against a given horse, when all P. P. bets upon that horse, are at once lost, or, by some underhand dealings, it is prevented winning.

Some noblemen and gentlemen, have the extreme folly to employ certain men, who have raised themselves from a very low sphere of life by such practices, to make bets for them, depending upon their *superior* judgment, promising them a per centage, upon winning, and of course, paying the whole of the bets upon losing; the latter being what those stupid noblemen and gentlemen generally have to attend to. "Fools and their money are soon parted." This adage is vulgar,—but true.

"The deep tone of feeling, the extensive research," said the Marquis of Meadowdale, when

the baronet finished the last word of Mr. Cleveland's last Sketch, "exhibited in your friend's communications, stamp them with an air of authenticity and truth, and does equal credit to his head and to his heart. Upon your friend's coming to England, you must do us the favour, Mortimer, of introducing him to our notice "

"You will find him, my lord, a gentleman of merit," said Sir Walter.

"Mr. Cleveland," said Lord Upland, "has been so very minute, clear, and particular, that we shall be spared the very disagreeable necessity of paying a personal visit to the disgusting scenes where he has laid the adventures, which we originally designed to do. I feel deeply indebted to your friend, Sir Walter ; he has completely opened my eyes, by the store of information he has laid before them, and has awakened sentiments of disgust and horror, so deeply rooted upon the subject of gambling and gamblers, that I shall ever avoid the society of every man tainted with so wretched and disgraceful a vice, as I would avoid the plague."

"To hear you speak thus, Henry," said the noble marquis, "affords me more real pleasure than I ever felt before."

The sentiments expressed by Lord Upland gave all his family the greatest satisfaction. Sir Walter Mortimer was highly gratified by the inward thought that he had been instrumental in forming so firm a principle in the young lord, by adhering to which his lordship was enabled in subsequent years, to pursue a career equally honourable to himself as it was serviceable to his country.

At six o'clock on the Saturday morning the

major part of the servants left Malvern to order arrangements at given places, for the convenience and comfort of the noble family, on their way to Upland Castle.

The noble party had made the most liberal presents to different charitable establishments, in the neighbourhood, according to their magnitude, and to many poor families around.

At twelve o'clock this united and happy family, accompanied by the baronet, left the Well-house, amid the blessings and cheers of a vast many persons, who had been collected at the spot by the news of their intended departure.

Towards night-fall of the following day, they had reached within sixteen miles of the old, but stout and time-defying castle.

Lord Upland, who preferred riding outside, and giving up his seat to Sir Walter, directed the notice of the travellers inside, to the illuminated appearance of the atmosphere. As the shade of night got deeper, the hills all about appeared to be on fire. The servants had mentioned at different places where they stopped, the near approach of the Marquis of Meadowdale and family. The news soon became known in every direction upon their route. The peasantry determined to evince, in the best possible way they could, their respect for a family that was adored throughout Wales. At large towns they were greeted with the hearty cheers of large assemblages of people, and now immense bonfires crowned the hills to testify their joy at their coming. They were now literally lit by them all their way to the castle. The outside of the gates was crowded with peasantry, who rent the air with their loud greetings, as the carriage

slowly came up the eminence to them. The large entrance-room of the outer tower, which was the only entry to the castle, was lined with the domestics who were stationary at the castle, and those who had arrived from town. They participated fully in the joy of the people without, and as the noble party passed on to the main body of the castle, they could not refrain from manifesting their delight, by joining them in one long, loud, and cheering shout, which echoed again among the surrounding hills.

The noble party soon after took some slight refreshment, and then separated early to recover themselves from the fatigues of the journey.

The day following their arrival, proving remarkably fine, it was spent in strolls about the grounds of the castle, and short excursions beyond its walls.

Nothing could surpass, for romantic beauty, the situation of the castle. It stood upon a small hill, in the heart of a great many more, of gentle sloping, in the form of a horse-shoe, opening to the sea, and skirted by mountainous hills, that fully realized the imagination of the poet.

“ — a vale of beauty,
Near where the hills, of graceful mouldings,
Tower with awful grandeur
Towards the western sky, as if intent,
To join with the blue heavens, and stay
The sun in his majestic course.
As that bright orb, in his sphere of light,
Retires from the scene, the hills seem tinged,
With crimson blushes, for their high presumption.”

To the south, the mountain springs, and stray water from many parts, seeking a level beneath, had formed a considerable stream, which had

forced a confined channel between two high topping hills, that appear to o'erhang each other, and then bursting from its confinement, it gushes over the sharp brow of the hill, and being intersected in its progress by various projections down the side of it, through which it makes its way, that it is lost in some places and appears again in others, interspersed, here and there, with brush-wood and bushes, forming all the way down to the narrow plain below, the most natural, diversified, and beautiful cascades imaginable. After heavy rains, the roar of these mountain torrents, is peculiarly awful and grand.

Having, at length, reached a level, they collectively make a small river, which passes round the castle and forms a deep moat about it. At the north, it overflows the banks, rushes down a deep precipice of rock, in a white foam, with a tremendous noise, and afterwards proceeds in an unruffled stream, till it empties itself into the ocean. When the stillness of night prevails, the hollow murmurings of the wind, intermingled with the rushing of so many waters, have an effect upon the mind of so grand and awful a character, that it is indescribable.

A month had passed away at the castle with the most unchequered happiness, without Sir Walter having the opportunity, as he thought, but it was rather without having the courage, to name his love to the amiable object of it. There is something so commanding and so repressive of liberty in unassuming modesty and virtue, especially to men of refinement, that even a wish to express an honourable love will alternately rise and die with your hopes or your fears, as the one or the other

may prevail, without a declaration of your sentiments escaping you. Such was often the situation of the baronet. At last, chance gave him *that* opportunity that he had not the resolution to create.

Lady Eliza, her brother, and Sir Walter, one very hot day, were wandering about the hills near the cascades; Lord Upland was lingering a considerable distance behind. Lady Eliza took the lead up a very narrow winding path, that had been made by the peasants, which was overhung by long grass, close followed by the baronet. They had proceeded some way when her ladyship suddenly checked herself, faintly screamed, and would have fallen down the hill, which was very steep, but for Sir Walter, who caught hold of the floating folds of her dress and prevented her. The cause of her ladyship's fright now became evident to him. An adder, with five or six young ones around, was right across the pathway, basking in the sun. On the approach of her ladyship the reptile made a great hissing noise, and raised its head and neck, as if intending to dart upon her ladyship.

All the serpent tribe, unless in danger, will glide away upon the approach of any one on ordinary occasions; but nature has planted an instinct into most creatures of protecting their young, entirely heedless of all consequences to themselves.

The baronet now hearing the noise, glanced his eye upon the adder, which was still in a slightly erect posture, with its venomous mouth wide open, and the young ones jumping down its throat, one after the other. The terrific animal having in this manner secured its young, was moving

rapidly away into the grass, intending to go down the side of the hill, but Sir Walter, as quick as lightning, stamped his foot upon the adder's head and crushed it flat.

The baronet kept his foot firmly upon the crushed head of the reptile, the body of which wound about his foot in the greatest torture. He then gave it a slight cut across its back with his horse-whip, which broke it, and the animal then was harmless and powerless. The young ones were all killed at once with a large stone.

Lady Eliza, while this was being done, had recovered her alarm, and stood still a few paces off. The baronet returned to her ladyship, who thanked him most ingenuously and sincerely. "You are always, Sir Walter," said she, sweetly smiling, "risking your life on my account."

"And too well would it be lost, my dearest Lady Eliza," said the baronet, with his breast swelling with emotion, "in protecting yours; and, oh! my sweetest love," pressing her hand most fervently and tenderly, "that you would allow me for ever to devote that life in studying your peace—your joys—your happiness,—in which my own are deeply centred. All this would be accomplished, long-cherished and adored Eliza, by your flattering condescension in allowing me to call you *mine*."

Lady Eliza raised her full and beautiful eyes upon Sir Walter silently, but which beamed a look so sparkling and brilliant, that the delighted baronet could not doubt the satisfied reception the annunciation of his passion had met with.

The next day, by her ladyship's permission, a formal communication upon the subject was made

by the baronet, to the heads of her noble family, who received it with countenance and favour.

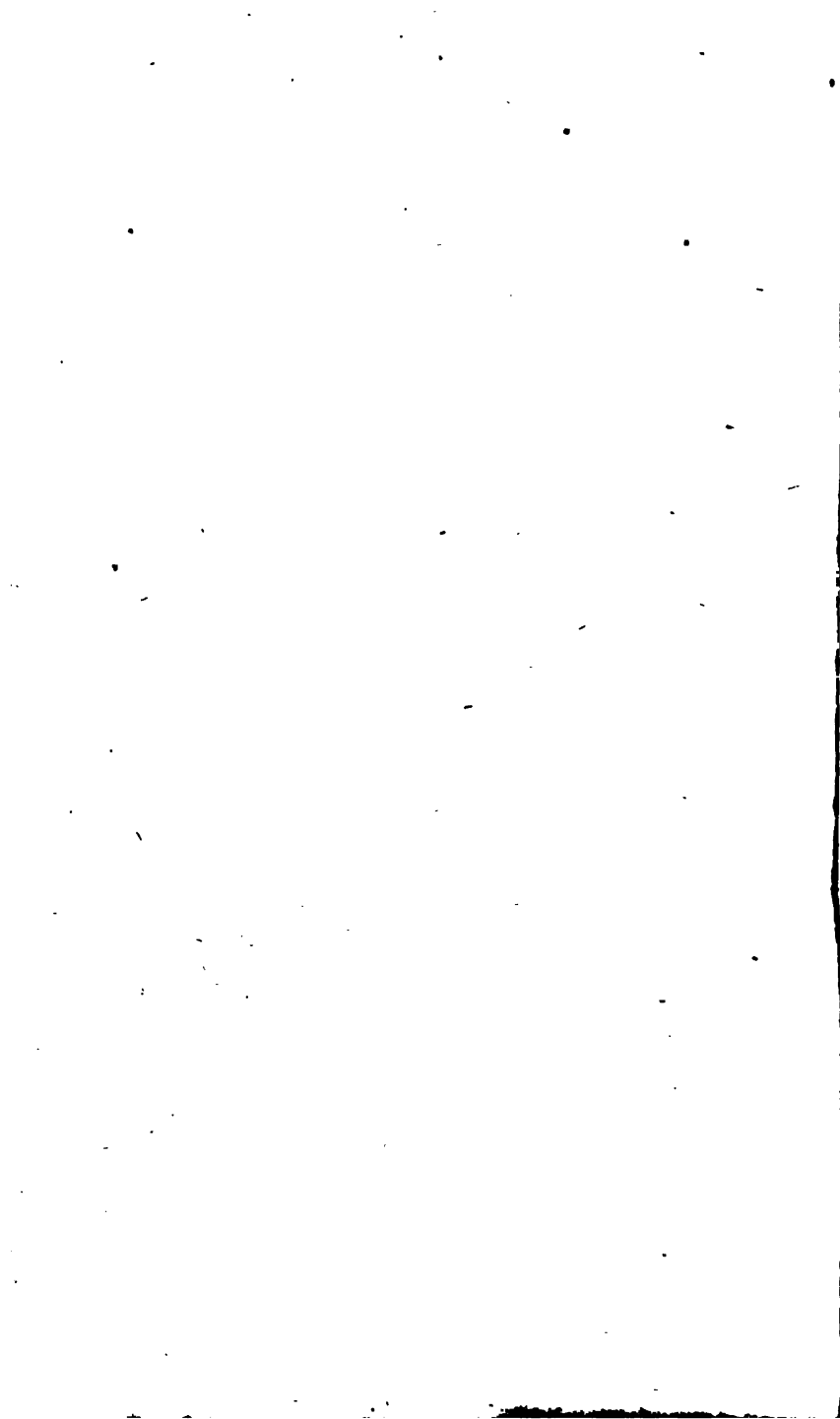
The marriage of Sir Walter Mortimer, Bart. and Lady Eliza Mary Dawn, soon after was announced through all the papers. The talk which it occasioned speedily gave way to something new, but the happiness and bliss of the amiable pair seemed to increase with time.

A short while after the marriage was publicly announced, a morning paper contained the following paragraph :

"Lord Viscount Hartly, son of the Earl of Tiviotdale, left London yesterday for the continent, where, it is supposed, his lordship will remain some time. The tour, it is mentioned, is undertaken in order to remove a deep and settled melancholy that has overspread the mind of the young lord, which has become more remarked, since the marriage of a northern baronet with a certain accomplished and beautiful young lady, the daughter of an amiable nobleman, who does not live a hundred miles from Portman Square. The silent affection in which the interesting young nobleman indulged, corresponds more with what we read of in romance, rather than in what takes place in our sober days. The exploits of the romantic youth, last autumn, down at Malvern, will not soon be forgotten by the inhabitants of that neighbourhood."

THE END.







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